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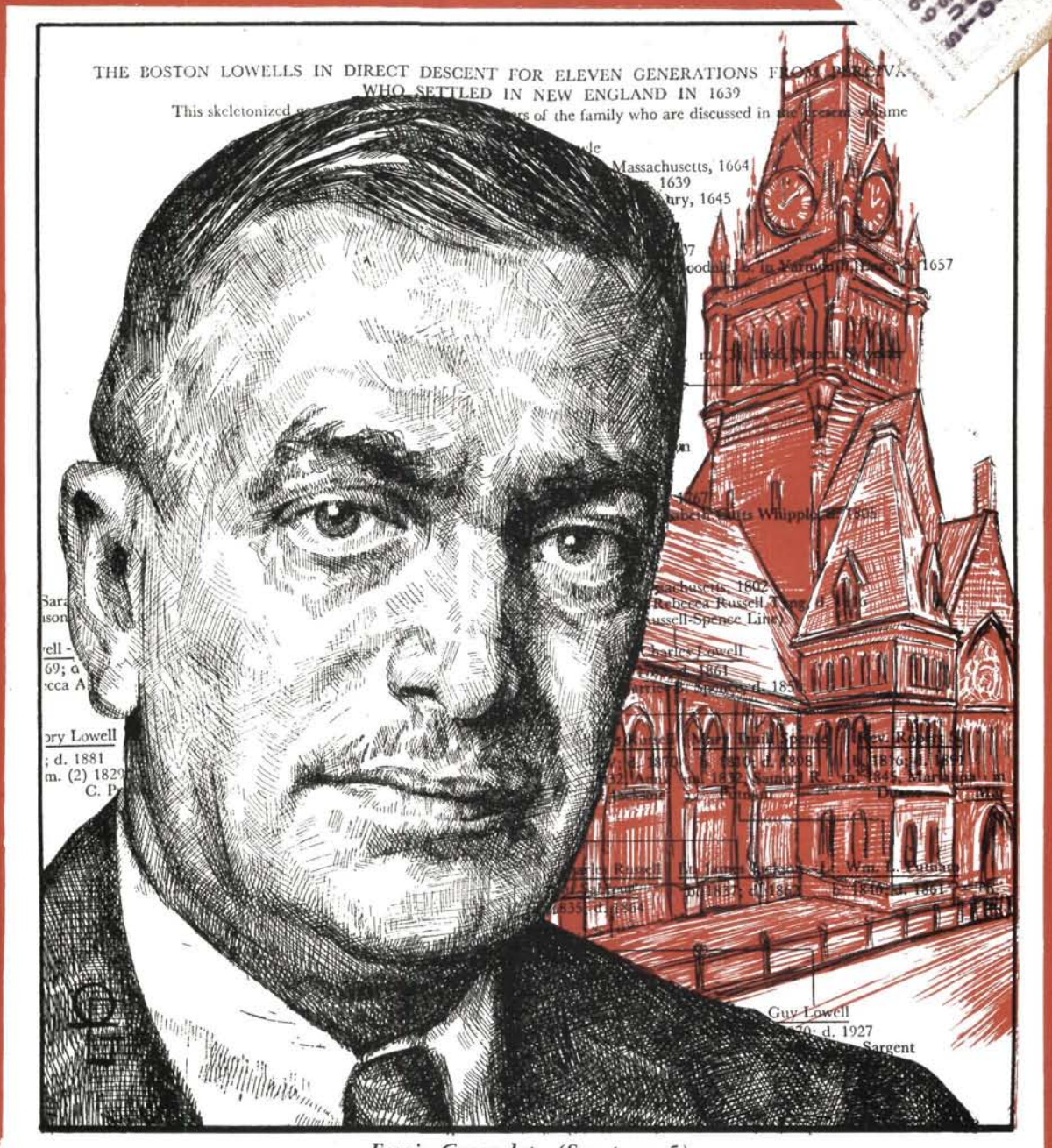

Ferris Greenslet. *(See page 5)*

Lowells, Inc.

By ELLERY SEDGWICK

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Through three centuries and seven worlds the Lowells were always different, always brilliant, and always the same. Their story begins in 1639 with Percival who was 67 when he came 3000 miles to the wilderness of New England

In 1773, John, "the Old Judge", was becoming famous as the most eminent abolitionist in Massachusetts.

In 1803 his son, John, "the Rebel", gave up a brilliant career because he could not secure an acquittal for a man who murdered for love

In 1833 his nephew, John, "Junior", left America to follow the Marco Polo route to India and so around the world. By the banks of the Nile he wrote the beneficent will that established the Lowell Institute, and died in Bombay

In 1864, Charles died at 29, at Cedar Creek, while his general's commission was in the mail.

In 1885, when ambassador James Russell resigned his London post, Queen Victoria said that during her reign no ambassador had "created so much interest and won so much regard as Mr. Lowell."

And in 1900, four Lowells were important figures — Guy Lowell, who designed Manhattan's 20 million dollar hexagonal court house; Percival Lowell, exuberant stargazer, traveller, writer, interpreter of the Japanese, and discoverer of Pluto; A. Lawrence Lowell, whose "greatest achievement," said the University's historian, "was that he sold education to Harvard College"; and Amy Lowell, the fat, cigar-smoking poetess whose figure dominated the American literary scene when the century was in its teens.

THE LOWELLS AND THEIR SEVEN WORLDS is a study in survival through 300 years of turbulent living, which John P. Marquand calls " . . . a brilliant and thoughtful piece of social history."

THE LOWELLS

AND THEIR SEVEN WORLDS

By Ferris Greenslet, *co-editor of THE PRACTICAL COGITATOR*

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lillian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXIX, No. 38, September 21, 1946. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1946, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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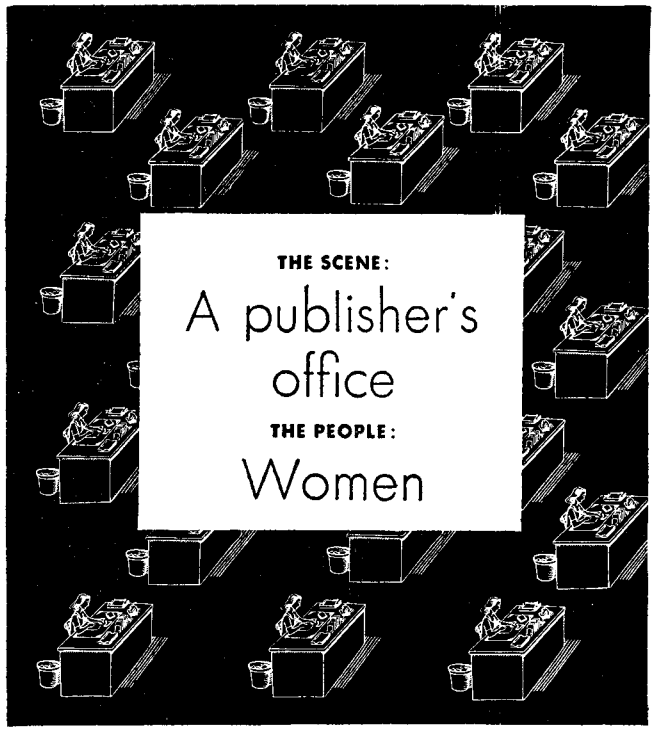

THE 1940 CENSUS showed that 25.4% of the women over 14 in the United States were in the "labor force". That was before the war and before the jokes about the government secretaries who knew the difference between a telephone and a typewriter. Surely so large a part of our society deserves a book, and in WOMEN, INC. Jane Kesner Morris has written it. The scene is in the offices of a publisher of scholarly and literary journals, such as *Poly Sci* and *Home Ec* and, most popular and literary, *The Chatham Review*. There are "the girls", a mixture of the young and those who aren't telling; there are the eager newcomers and the old standbys.

In WOMEN, INC you will meet, at work, all those girls whose main interest is the office. They can comfortably talk business day and night, and if one has a father whose health is failing or another has a husband in the service, they still live for their work. Every woman needs to be needed, and it is in their jobs that these women find satisfaction; the office becomes their true home and holds their loyalty. Close friends they are, each knowing so much about the others. The women's rest room has heard more confidences than the confessional; its faded chintz has set the scene for comedy and indignation.

To give you any plot would tend, we think, to spoil the book for you. There is fun and suspense in the gradual increase in knowledge as you meet the characters one by one. Sometimes it's in a brief business incident, sometimes through the personal and perceptive eye of the writer, and sometimes it is along the continuing thread of one character in and out of situations like those in almost any office. Then too, there are the moods of work—like that so aptly describing the feeling when you "work late", the impersonal, overwhelming and haunting quiet. There's the rush to meet printer's deadlines, there's the annual spring cleaning of desks (and windows), and there's a Christmas party. But despite its resemblance to many another office, WOMEN, INC. shows a little world all its own, tender in sympathy, salty with many an unladylike expression of temper or wit. Shop talk has a big part, so has romance, so has gay comradeship, so has tragedy. There are some men, of course, authors, editors, professors, printers, artists. After all, without men what would the girls talk about after they've finished talking about the other girls? Jane Morris has deftly drawn the appealing new male editor of *The Chatham Review*; she has presented young Danny, of the musical ambitions, friendly with all the girls, enamored of one.

But primarily WOMEN, INC. is full of woman-talk. Any member of the female "labor force" who has pounded a typewriter will recognize Jane Morris' gals clearly enough to put her own friends' names to them. Indeed, it seems to us that anyone who has wondered what goes on from nine to five can find out plenty from WOMEN, INC. It's the ideal answer to that recurrent question, "I know, dear, but just what do you *do* at the office?" What you do, as Jane Morris shows in this first novel, is whatever it's your job to do. Beyond that, there are lots of new individuals to adjust to, interesting, inspiring, sometimes irritating people. You can meet them all in WOMEN, INC.

Women, Inc.

By JANE KESNER MORRIS

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Lowells, Inc.

ELLERY SEDGWICK

IN the autumn of 1711, John Lowell, embodiment of his race, wrote a letter of advice to a younger John, when "that little rogue" was entering Harvard at the customary age of fifteen.

"Let me, my son," he adjured his boy, "now advert to a danger at the very thought of which I tremble because I consider it the greatest to which you are exposed. It is the most prolifick source of all other failings and even vices. You have already anticipated that I allude to the habit of idleness."

There is not on record a Lowell who has disregarded this advice.

A Lowell nursery is a comfortable place for a cradle to rest in. There is no doubt about that, and if the theories of Epicurus had not gone into the democratic discard, this excellent book* of Mr. Greenslet's would furnish proof positive of their validity. The ten generations he paints with skill and fidelity are a sturdy race enjoying comfort, despising luxury, and finding their high satisfaction in advancing public welfare. What a privilege it is to escape the dominion of Horatio Alger and be assured that success does not invariably spring from the thin soil of poverty! It is exhilarating to realize that energy may come not from desperate circumstance, but from a man's free will and choice. It is good to know there is a better way than politics to advance the prosperity of a race. And what a satisfaction it is to slap the face of the American tradition that from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves measures the gap between grandfather and grandson. Lowell shirts are made on the best looms that Massachusetts has to offer, and they seem to last forever.

Still another truth this book teaches. The proper unit of society is not the individual but the family. On that premise Rome flourished for a thousand years and New England for three hundred. Now the idea is going out of fashion. Motors in their courses fight against it. The diversity of modern life confounds it. Family cracks of today become family fissures of tomorrow. Little longer is tribal unity apt to play its part. The individual looks out for Number One. The foundations are shifting.

Ever since old Percival Lowell (or Lowle, as he styled himself) convoyed his clan to these shores, his descendants have lived by tribal law. One for all; all for one. Every individual Lowell takes to heart the motto of the sept, "Occasionem Cognosce." Grab your chance. But having caught the earliest worm for himself, a Lowell is ever mindful of the family and, after the family, of the public. The name Lowell is sweet to Lowell ears. The tribe cultivate one another's society, consult one another's interests, sup and dine at one another's tables, and, most important of all, marry wives calculated to preserve and promote every Lowell trait. On the parent tree there is seldom an alien graft.

In tracing family descent, mistaken emphasis is often laid upon the male line. Women are people, of course, and have their rights, but it is a by-law of the Lowell code that maternal grandfathers must never intrude their alien traits. The Salic law is strictly enforced. Blood currents must come from the male line. To go adventuring in marriage, Lowells hold, is clearly against tribal law. Security lies in narrowing selection. It is well enough to permit daughters who have no responsibility for the family name to marry where chance and affection lead, but males, being permanent Lowells, have the positive obligation to transmit Lowell characteristics unimpaired. A few, a very few, selected families could be relied upon to let their daughters slip unobtrusively into the Lowell line.

ONE gets the impression that Higginsons, Jacksons, Cabots, Amorys, and Lawrences make up the sum. The safety zone of prudent union is cousinly. Keep on marrying cousins and the nexus of blood binds the clan close and closer still. Geneticists may not approve the plan, but genetics is not yet a science, and the Lowells are scientific. There has been no weakening in the dominant character of the race. From generation to generation it is Lowellism unadulterated. Indeed it makes one think of the Ptolemys. For six generations, you will remember, they married sisters, yet the snapper at the end of the whip was Cleopatra, and Cleopatra was not an imbecile. If the race be strong enough you can do these things and profit by them. When Justice Holmes, chatting with his friend Mrs. Bell, expressed amazement that the Valkyrie, who wedded sisters, should be applauded on a Boston stage, quick as thought she replied: "That is just what you Jacksons and Higginsons have been doing this hundred years past." Another prime authority on Boston custom, Colonel Henry Lee, used to remark: "The Lowells and the Jacksons came up from Newburyport so-

*THE LOWELLS AND THEIR SEVEN WORLDS. By Ferris Greenslet. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 421 pp. $4.

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cial and kindly people, but they got some Cabot wives who shut them up."

Trifling aberrations have occurred, but once when a Lowell went off the reservation and married a Spence, the family detected traces of "Spence negligence" cropping up in the descendants and the lesson was not lost. The Lowells are a classic illustration of Mendel's Law. Dominant characteristics breed constant as the fourth quartering of Mendel's peas.

WHAT are these Lowell traits guarded more jealously than C. B. & Q. joint 4's in their strong boxes? They run clear as gold in the quartz. The absence of nonsense about them is conspicuous. When the family migrated from Newburyport they took their natural places as Solid Men of Boston, "the comfortable men with dividends" chronicled by Longfellow. They are healthy minded. Never is there a Sick Soul among them. Mysticism has no attraction for the race. Theirs is the religion of sensible men. They never talk about it, but they practise it. Long, long ago they abjured both Episcopacy and Calvinism. When Transcendentalism beckoned with her enigmatic smile they walked quietly by on the other side. Mr. Greenslet suggests that they have experimented with seven worlds, but all their worlds are terrestrial, and of whatever one they live in they are exemplary citizens, conscientious, large-minded, open-handed. By their works we know them and in their community their works have blessed generations. The Lowell Institute, the Athenaeum, Harvard College, the Institute of Technology, the Provident Institution for Savings, but for the Lowells could not have been what they have been, are, and shall be.

To take such a place in the community requires preparation. There is a Lowell plan for education and mathematics is the heart of it. All Lowell males are taught to think with precision. They must build their concepts logically and be prepared to defend them with Euclidian clarity. Esthetics they beware of as the Siren's voice luring them to regions where character and the moralities are no longer sovereign. With two notable exceptions their ears have never been attuned to poetry, nor (with one) their eyes to painting.

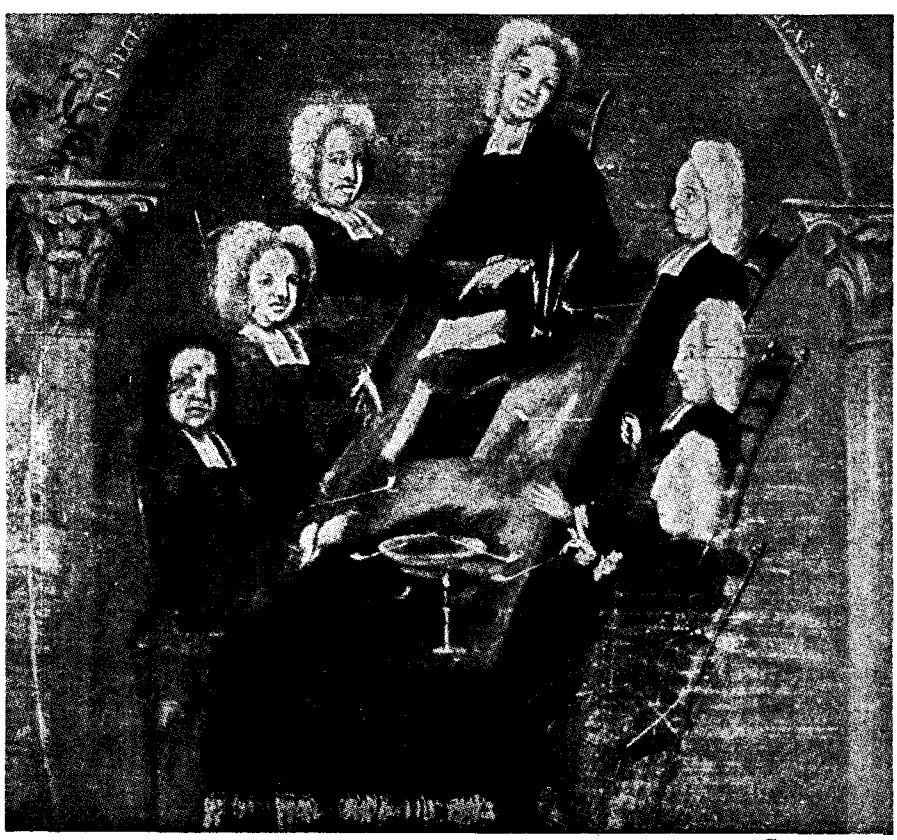
Whatever one may say of ears and eyes, Lowell legs have helped the race on its way. The Lord, who delighteth not in any man's legs, cannot be entirely indifferent to Lowell underpinning. That has always been of the most serviceable sort. Briskness has been as conspicuous in their pace as in their intelligence. Lawrence, the Lowell whom perhaps I have known best, preferred during the better part of seventy years to run rather than walk. No matter how precipitous the stairs, I have never seen him take a single step at a time. Mr. Greenslet rightly couples this with the family motto, "Occasionem cognosce," and tells how at the tense climax of the Sacco case, while Judge Grant and President Stratton were waiting for the elevator to take them up, President Lowell trotted upstairs two at a time and reached the Governor first, thereby feeling himself entitled to the chairmanship of the Commission.

To be quick at both ends gives a man admirable balance, and the Lowells have pressed this advantage. Their feet are fast and their minds faster. They think at top speed. Mr. Harkness had not been three minutes in President Lowell's office when his gift of millions, over which Yale had hummed and hawed for weeks, was accepted—"terms to be arranged later." Lowells always keep their principles fresh and fit for service. Arguments, amusing illustrations, pat anecdotes are invariably on their tongues. Their talk runs like a brook over a cataract, but it never babbles.

In the American sense the Lowells began when old Percival Lowle gathered his family, added a friend or two, and landed his party, sixteen strong, on these shores in 1639. The old boy was sixty-seven at the time, a fact illustrative of a resolution of character intended for transmission through nine succeeding generations. What is especially interesting about this pioneering undertaken so close to three score and ten is that it was not impelled by poverty or tyranny. Lowells have no daemon. There is no irrepressible desire to suffer or to adventure for the sake of conscience or liberty. Reasonable and rational in all things, what the family desired was to escape ruinous taxes. They hankered to enjoy the fruit of their own labor, to give of their own free will, not to be mulcted by the state. Reasonably and rationally they began. Reasonable and rational they remained. When in 1787 the *American Herald* declared that "human nature revolts at one-sixth of a year's earnings being wrested from an individual," how heartily the Lowells must have applauded! The nature of their current applause, when from such pockets as theirs the state picks three-fourths of the contents, must be left to the imagination.

A SAFE and moderate course the Lowells have steered through the generations. Loyal subjects of the King, they did not break with the Republicans; loyal citizens of the Republic, they did not fight the Tories. During the Revolution they saved for their ci-devant friends such property as

(*Continued on page* 37)



—*From the book.*

Reverend John Lowell (1704-1767) smokes the pipe of peace with his brother clergymen of Newbury, Massachusetts. The painter was a blacksmith in Mr. Lowell's congregation.

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A Man Who Was Sure of His Facts

BRANDEIS: A FREE MAN'S LIFE. By Alpheus Thomas Mason. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 713 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by HENRY F. PRINGLE

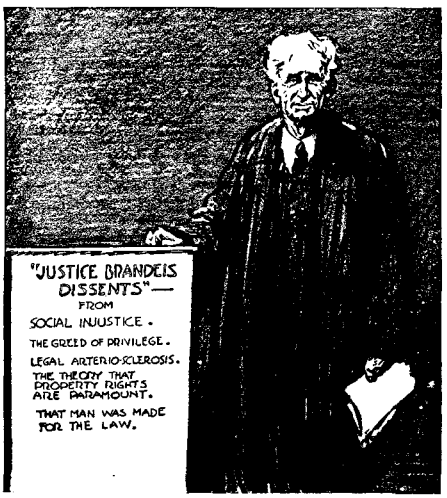
IN THIS massive biography Dr. Mason continues his study of Associate Justice Louis D. Brandeis. It is unlikely that any book about this great American jurist could be dull or without value. Nor is Dr. Mason's. But it is marred by bad organization, verbosity, and, in at least one place, by grave distortion.

The author claims to present his subject "in a spirit of impartiality." For the most part he has done so. He criticizes Brandeis for his original defense, later reversed, of the United Shoe Machinery Company. He does not agree with Brandeis's support of the Eighteenth Amendment, which he feels to have been "strangely out of key with his customary liberalism." But when he takes up the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, Dr. Mason slaps on whitewash with reckless abandon.

This dispute, which aroused Gifford Pinchot and other conservationists to hysterical frenzies in 1909, seems to have warped Dr. Mason's judgment ever since, six or seven years ago, the question was reopened for more sober appraisal. He published, in 1941, an excited volume, "Bureaucracy Convicts Itself: The Ballinger-Pinchot Controversy," in which he brusquely swept aside the newer historical judgment. This established that Richard Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior in the cabinet of President Taft, was not, after all, a scoundrel who was seeking to swindle the nation out of valuable Alaskan coal lands.

Not so, wrote Dr. Mason in 1941. The case was "our most notorious land fraud," he declared, although admitting a moment later that the coal lands were "of little or no value." The point, of course, was that Louis Brandeis, doubtless with complete integrity, had aligned himself with the outraged, if mistaken, conservationists and had helped to blacken the character of Ballinger, an honest, if less than forceful, public servant.

What irritated Dr. Mason particularly in 1941 was the action of Harold Ickes, then Secretary of the Interior and once among the violent critics of Ballinger, in accepting the more recent interpretation the year before. The Old Curmudgeon, hitting the sawdust trail of what Theodore Roosevelt used to call "substantial justice," wrote



A Rollin Kirby cartoon on the Great Liberal's Eightieth Birthday.

in a *Saturday Evening Post* article that he had been wrong about Ballinger for thirty years. He had been misled by Pinchot, he said. Incidentally, Dr. Mason cites that eminent Rooseveltian (Theodore brand) among his prefatory acknowledgments in his full-length life of Brandeis.

In this volume, Dr. Mason does not even mention Ickes in connection with the Ballinger-Pinchot affair. But his accuracy regarding it has not improved in the five years which have passed. He implies that Ballinger was without respect for law because he consulted the Postmaster General on appointments to the Interior Department. As professor of politics at Princeton University, Dr. Mason must know that virtually every cabinet officer of every administration in American history has done precisely this. He describes how Ballinger "squirmed and evaded" when on the stand during the Congressional investigation of his department. Yet his only authority for this colorful description is the official transcript of the hearings which did not, of course, furnish such dramatic details.

In short, Dr. Mason has gulped down the Gifford Pinchot version of what happened in 1909-1910 and offers it as history. He does gross injustice to Ballinger, President Taft, and Attorney General George W. Wickersham. They bungled. They were unwise. But when Mason talks about the "awfulness" of the frauds committed by Taft and Wickersham he is talking nonsense. No frauds were perpetrated. All of which might not be important were it not for some evidence of a concerted drive again to blacken Ballinger's name. Earlier this year George E. Mowry, in his "Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive Movement," devoted a chapter to the case and said that he agreed in the main with Mason's 1941 version. He was more temperate, but about as inaccurate.

What, then, is one to judge about the rest of Dr. Mason's life of Brandeis? This reviewer is happy to state that he could discern no other examples of distortion. The story appears to be otherwise as impartial as the biographer contends. There are fascinating glimpses of the happy boyhood of a precocious youth who rarely had any doubts about himself, whose outstanding mental gifts were discernible from his very early years.

So, too, emerges the character of this very great American. When a boy, he kept a notebook in which he jotted quotations which caught his eye. Among these was a moral from Emerson which, as Dr. Mason correctly notes, Brandeis "later tried to teach Big Business." This was that every man may take care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. Emerson continued: "But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market cart into a chariot of the sun."

As soon as he began the practice of law, Brandeis determined to become financially independent for, as he said, "in this age of millions, the man without some capital can only continue to slave and toil for others to the end of his days." That Brandeis could amass a moderate fortune without bowing to the normal chicaneries of commercial practice is tribute, indeed, to his industry and talent. And so he could turn from private practice and become, in truth, Attorney for the People; not when he was old and losing his grip, but in the full strength of his middle years.

Brandeis attacked big business for its excesses. Somewhat like Theodore Roosevelt, but with far greater vision and intelligence, he saw capitalism threatened. The great captains of finance, he wrote, "who profess the greatest horror of the extension of governmental functions . . . become the chief makers of socialism." It was "not a country of dollars, but of ballots," he warned. In a short time, labor would realize its power. Thus Brandeis, like T. R., was basically conservative, although also a liberal.

His attacks on the vested interests and their greed were responsible for the violent hostility which followed his nomination to the Supreme Court by President Wilson in 1916. Few men have been so traduced as was Brandeis in the weeks and months

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of wrangling which took place before his confirmation five months later. The respectable men of Boston, and the other respectable men of the bar all over the country, must have writhed in shame in later years if they recalled the petitions and the round-robins which they had signed.

Dr. Mason devotes relatively little space to Justice Brandeis's twenty-three years on the Supreme Court. An adequate analysis of his opinions and of the cases in which he took part is sadly lacking. For all that, a clear portrait of the jurist is drawn. No other member of the high court in history had been so well trained in the technicalities of modern business; no other understood even approximately as well the intricacies of finance. No lawyer was better acquainted with labor economics.

"It has been one of the rules of my life," Brandeis once said, "that no one shall ever trip me on a question of fact."

Brandeis's genius for collecting and absorbing facts was the quality which made him different from other lawyers, even other great ones. His brethren of the law and the bench too frequently contented themselves with legalities and precedents. To Brandeis the underlying facts were all-important. That is why his dissents were so important. That is why a Brandeis dissent was so often the basis of a future majority opinion.

"He brought to us all sorts of information as to economic conditions and other matters of the greatest value, which we did not have before and never would have acquired otherwise," testified Chief Justice Taft. Taft is a strange authority for Dr. Mason to quote in view of his earlier condemnations, but he spoke the truth.

Fit Words and Heavenly Eloquence

VICTORY: WAR SPEECHES BY THE RIGHT HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. Compiled by Charles Eade. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 307 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by
BRIG. GEN. DONALD ARMSTRONG

WINSTON CHURCHILL in his fifth year as prime minister and in victory is an impressive figure of world history. After the almost superhuman exertions of the war years, his 1945 speeches and state papers gathered together here show no evidence that the ordeal by battle had wearied him or diminished his intellectual power. Possibly the alarming crushing defeats of 1940 were more conducive to the unforgettable phrase. The speeches in this collection were made as the certainty of early Axis defeat grew stronger. They are nevertheless orations that have few peers in any age. They merely lack some of the dramatic intensity of the 1940 and 1941 addresses, but they are masterpieces of deft expression and brilliant narrative.

Nineteen forty-five was the year of Britain's military victory won by the Allied effort which Mr. Churchill generously acknowledges on frequent occasions. It was also the year of Mr. Churchill's personal defeat at the polls. Speaking as leader of the opposition in the House of Commons, August 16, 1945, he said: "The morrow of such a victory as we have gained is a splendid moment both in our small lives and in our great history."

The temptation is great to quote one striking paragraph after another. The vigor and moral earnestness of these speeches, the honesty of mind and purpose that scorned subterfuge, the wit and humor and liveliness that characterize his utterances make this collection not only valuable as an historical document but as a literary monument of the spoken word.

In these speeches, messages, and answers in the House of Commons, Mr. Churchill reports the progress of the war in Europe and Asia and announces the surrender of Germany and Japan. He eulogizes two living and two deceased leaders. The King and General Eisenhower receive his accolade for their leadership; Lloyd George and President Roosevelt, after death, are praised in deathless summaries of their work for humanity and their native lands. Several of his election speeches are interesting for the light they shed on the working of the British democracy.

Mr. Churchill said of Lloyd George: "Then there was his dauntless courage, his untiring energy, his oratory, persuasive, provocative, now grave, now gay. His swift, penetrating, comprehensive mind was always grasping at the root, or what he thought to be the root, of every question. His eye ranged ahead of the obvious. He was always hunting in the field beyond." Does this description not admirably fit Mr. Churchill's own brand of thinking and speaking?

Of General Eisenhower, whom he called "this very great man," he said: "Never have I seen a man so staunch in pursuing the purpose in hand, so ready to accept responsibility for misfortune, or so generous in victory."

These speeches illustrate unusually well the intimate relationship between strategy and foreign policy in war. Some naive Americans have been astonished that military strategy is influenced by the foreign policy of a belligerent. A study of Mr. Churchill's words might have a salutary influence, now that the fighting is over, on our own future thinking about the military and foreign policy of the United States.

Undoubtedly time will prove that Winston Churchill was not, in all matters, an infallible guide. His wisdom could not always be equal to the perplexing problems of war and international politics, but there is no doubt he was the man—possibly the only man—whose unquenchable confidence in ultimate victory spoke the right words to cause "the mysterious, unfathomable uplifting of the souls of men." These words of his describe aptly the effect, even without the moving accompaniment of Mr. Churchill's incomparable delivery, of the speeches of one of the British Commonwealth's greatest statesmen and orators. These are essential documents for understanding the final stages of the war and Britain's foreign policy. Mr. Eade's careful compilation and arrangement and the chronological tables of major military and political events of 1945 are useful aids in providing a background for Mr. Churchill's eloquence.

New York's trucking strike has cut off delivery of *SRL*'s paper supply, necessitating elimination of the monthly feature Books for Young People scheduled for this issue. It will appear as soon as space permits.

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Civil Rights at Nuremberg

THE NUREMBERG TRIAL AND AGGRESSIVE WAR. By Sheldon Glueck. Foreword by Robert H. Jackson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1946. *xv* + 121 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by JAMES MARSHALL

WHILE the Council of Foreign Ministers, the Peace Conference, and the Council of the United Nations have been engaging in power and other international politics, international law is being made at Nuremberg. The mass trial of the Nazi leaders is a departure in international law. It is natural, therefore, that there should be considerable controversy over the nature of the trial, the manner in which it is conducted, and the charges which have been brought against the defendants.

The tribunal was established and the charges against the Nazi leaders were set forth on August 8, 1945, by an agreement between the United Kingdom, France, the Soviet Union, and the United States. This charter for the Constitution of the International Military Tribunal relates to roughly three types of crimes: crimes against the peace, which means participation in "the planning, preparation, initiation, and waging of wars of aggression"; war crimes which concern the violation of the laws and customs of war; and crimes against humanity such as murder, extermination, enslavement, deportation, and other inhuman acts committed against civilians.

This book by Sheldon Glueck is a valuable addition to the growing literature concerned with the Nuremberg trial. Professor Glueck, who is professor of criminal law and criminology at Harvard University, is well equipped for such an undertaking. He has admirably explained and justified the jurisdiction of the Nuremberg court over war crimes and crimes against humanity. He has shown clearly the justification for holding individuals liable for the commission of such crimes. He has demonstrated that the defense that their acts were "acts of state" is irrelevant. He has tried hard to show that the waging of aggressive warfare is also properly a matter of adjudication at this time by that court. In so far as Professor Glueck attempts to make this point it appears to this reviewer that the scholar has compromised with the lawyer and that the latter has strained international law to make a point.

The charter of August 8, 1945, declares the waging of aggressive warfare to be a crime. In his foreword, Mr. Justice Jackson, the chief prosecutor for our government at Nuremberg, says:

> Whatever the state of the law has been, such conduct is a crime now. When representatives of the four nations . . . set their signatures to the Agreement of August 8, 1945, in London, the old order, by which all war was legal, visibly passed away.

This statement by Mr. Justice Jackson and those sections of Professor Glueck's book addressed to this doctrine raise the basic legal problems in connection with the trial. By what authority could representatives of the four nations declare new law? Assuming that they had the power to declare new law, could they properly create a new crime, the crime of aggressive warfare after the event, *ex post facto*?

There is no question but that the greater part of the civilized world wants to punish the higher-ups in the Hitler hierarchy who were responsible for the long line of gruesome atrocities, those inhuman acts which ignored the progress of civilization, trampled morality and idealism under foot, and established a new low in barbarous behavior. Equally, there is no question but that the evidence presented to the Nuremberg court and by testimony, through captured orders, memoranda and other documents established the personal participation of all or almost all of the defendants in acts which violated the laws and customs of war and in crimes against humanity. The only questions, then, are whether by arbitrary declaration of the victors matters heretofore not considered crime in municipal or international law should *ex post facto*, or in violation of the Continental rule of law *nulla poena sine lege*, be declared crimes and whether individuals should now be tried for such crimes in contravention of those principles of law.

The court at Nuremberg is making new international law. Do we want to participate in the making of such law if it violates fundamental rules of justice? Would we not by accepting and participating in the creation of such a rule be lending our authority to one of the very processes of law which we condemned in Germany and which the founders of this republic condemned in our constitution?

What right did the four powers have to declare as law that aggressive warfare was a crime? No international legislative body, no international court, no treaty to which the greater part of the nations were parties made this declaration. It was simply "an act of the will of the conqueror," as Professor Glueck says. If this trial were deemed to be simply and solely an act of power, if it were deemed to be merely in the classical tradition of triumphant states which slew their captives or dragged conquered rulers in chains through the streets, that would be that. It would be a simple act of power. No trial would be necessary. It would be a realistic acceptance that the victors had the necessary force to do anything they cared to with respect to the vanquished. It would be in the same vein as Tito's alleged statement that Mikhailovitch would be caught, given a fair trail, and executed. It would be good Machiavelli but it would be no law and poor morals. But at least it would not be sanctimonious with words of law, justice, and fair play.

Sheldon Glueck "shows clearly the justification for holding individuals liable . . . for war crimes and crimes against humanity."

This is not the theory of the Nuremberg trials. They are supposed to demonstrate that the conquerors as civilized peoples can with judicial fairness try their chief enemies and dramatically make a record of the full villainy of the Hitler regime for posterity. They want to give the accused the chance to hear the evidence and to be heard in their own defense before being found guilty and convicted. But this record for posterity must be a record not only of the acts of the accused but also of the acts of their accusers, and any unjust or illegal procedure by the prosecution must corrupt the record of the trials and taint with injustice a proceeding intended to demonstrate the humanity of the victors. This would defeat the purposes of the trials and give material in the future to those who have tried to create martyrs out of villains.

Although in his foreword Mr. Justice Jackson indicates that the crime of aggressive warfare was the creation of the four powers in August

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1945, Professor Glueck does not concede this, and he argues vigorously to prove that aggressive warfare was an international crime prior to that date. He makes several suggestions in support of this doctrine. He quotes the condemnation of aggressive warfare by states and individuals in the past. These declarations he would have us believe represent custom. Is it words of condemnation, however, or behavior that creates a custom? Even law is not necessarily custom, as all who lived through the prohibition days can remember.

He cites various declarations, conventions at The Hague and Geneva, which certainly indicated trends of history but could hardly be declared to represent custom and certainly were not law. He cites drafts of treaties and protocols which were never adopted. To regard this as law or even as custom would be like giving the weight of law to bills proposed in Congress but never voted upon by the Congress itself. He cites the anti-war treaty signed at Rio de Janeiro in 1933, which it is true condemned wars of aggression but provided no penalty for non-observance except to regard as invalid any fruits of aggressive war. He cites a resolution of the League of Nations in 1927 which, while it declared aggressive warfare an international crime, provided for no penalty, and was not binding upon the membership of the League, certainly not upon the Soviet Union or the United States, which were not members.

Furthermore, the League of Nations' resolution, like that of the Pan-American Conference held in Havana in 1928 condemning wars of aggression as "international crime against the human species," would be open to the interpretation of Secretary of State Kellogg, who pointed out "the difference between resolutions like these adopted at an international conference and formal treaties which are entered into with the idea of preventing recourse to war" and referred to the difficulty, if not impossibility, of defining aggressive warfare.

Finally, Professor Glueck and others who have supported his view have fallen back to the argument that law is organic, that it grows, that it develops, not merely out of legislation but also out of judicial decision, and that the common law itself grew in this manner. Here, they say, is a simple situation. By charter adopted in London and by the decision anticipated from the court at Nuremberg we have in effect a developing international common law declaring aggressive warfare to be criminal and individuals who participate in it to be violators of that law.

It is just here that we come up against our American doctrine that *ex post facto* law is wrong and unjust, and we also are met with the Continental counterpart of this doctrine that where there is no legal prohibition there can be no punishment. It is a well known doctrine of law that there can be no right without a remedy, and the converse is that there can be no wrong without a penalty. Ever since Austin's day this has been generally accepted.

It was against the very idea of arbitrarily declaring something to be criminal after the event that Montesquieu protested. It was out of their experiences with the arbitrary acts of George III, his governors, and other agents that the framers of our Constitution inserted the prohibition against *ex post facto* laws. The men of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 were fully aware of the manner in which common law developed. They knew that legislatures and common law judges alike could make *ex post facto* law, and this they barred. This bar is one of our civil rights.

While these civil rights naturally do not apply in all respects to aliens in the course of making war against us, as the Supreme Court held in the recent case of the saboteurs, they are nevertheless a measure of our sense of justice and propriety and should be a guide to us in developing international law. In his eloquent dissenting opinion in the case of General Yamashita, Mr. Justice Rutledge, in discussing what he believed to be the failure of the Supreme Court to insist upon due process of law on the part of the military commission which tried the general, concluded with a quotation from Tom Paine:

> He that would make his own liberty secure must guard even his enemy from oppression; for if he violates this duty he establishes a precedent that will reach himself.

There is no question here of allowing the guilty to escape unpunished. The newspaper reports of the Nuremberg trials give ample evidence for finding all or almost all of the defendants guilty of violating the rules and customs of war and of the commission of crimes against humanity. They have heard the evidence. They have been represented by counsel. They have offered their defenses. They have received due process of law. Why is it necessary then to step off of a clear way and tread a dubious path, skirting the firm ground of accepted principles of justice?

The United Nations can and should make a declaration which would remove any future doubt as to the illegality of such warfare and the liability of national leaders to punishment and make unnecessary any such ingenious avoidance of the *ex post facto* doctrine as in this book.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

REQUESTS OF POETS

Poets are always asking for something, as this week's quiz will show. From their requests, as quoted below, can you identify the poets? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 30.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, long, long ago.
2. If I should die, think only this of me: that there's some corner of a foreign field that is forever England.
3. Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be.
4. Give me a cannie hour at e'en, my arms about my dearie, O!
5. Give, oh give me back my heart!
6. Tell me where all past years are, or who cleft the devil's foot.
7. Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man.
8. Make me a child again just for tonight.
9. Drink to me only with thine eyes.
10. Come live with me and be my love.
11. All I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover.
12. Let me live out my years in heat of blood!
13. When I am dead, my dearest, sing no sad songs for me.
14. Oh, give me the flashing brine, the spray and the tempest's roar!
15. Take, O take those lips away, that so sweetly were forsworn.
16. Make me thy Lyre.
17. Under the wide and starry sky dig the grave and let me lie.
18. Let me hide myself in thee.
19. Give me but what this riband bound, take all the rest the sun goes round!
20. Give me the splendid silent sun, with all his beams full-dazzling!

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Food (Mostly Protein) for Thought

NOT BY BREAD ALONE. By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1946. 316 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

CLOTHES make a man, and a good title sometimes makes a best-seller. Stefansson has an instinct for good titles. "The Friendly Arctic" and "The Northward Course of Empire" became fanfares of a new program of human geography and, beyond its borders, a philosophy of life. "Not by Bread Alone" sounds like a fanfare, too, in spite of or, better, because of the fact that the editor of a church magazine is reported to have asked Stefansson's permission to publish his book, in installments, in his paper. This was a slight misunderstanding, for "Not by Bread Alone" does not dwell on creed but on meat. To put it more plainly, Stefansson serves meat for thought by thought of meat.

The ideal reviewer of a non-fiction book should know more about the subject than does the author; also he should excel in objectivity. This reviewer knows nothing about meat diet. Neither is he objective. Having read most of Stefansson's previous fourteen books, he has become convinced that no living student of human geography has opened more new avenues than did Stefansson. Nobody, I believe, did more constantly and uncompromisingly battle the cultural lag which he himself once described by saying that "man finds it easier to change the face of nature than to change his own mind." These words would have made a good motto for "Not by Bread Alone."

Being neither an expert nor objective, the reviewer should limit himself to a prosaic report on what this book is about. Its thesis which, to put it mildly, will appear strange to many a student of vitamin deficiencies is that men can remain in good health on a diet of meat alone. But the book is much more than a treatise on meat. What makes it challenging and fascinating reading is the fact that it penetrates into the darkness of human evolution. We know much about the diets of agricultural man, but little of those of the hunters who spanned the million or so years between ape and farmer. Stefansson himself describes "Not by Bread Alone" as a first installment of a series of books under the title "The Lives of Hunters." In this first volume, he furnishes ample material for a sounder comparison between our lives as agricultural people and the lives of those others (whom nobody knows better than he) who still live by hunting. Thus he begins with the home life of Stone-Age man and gives us a fascinating account of his life with the Eskimos. It changed the man Stefansson, his tastes, and dietetic beliefs completely. Because he was able to observe these changes intelligently and uncompromisingly, he soon recognized as a myth the established view that man cannot live on meat alone.

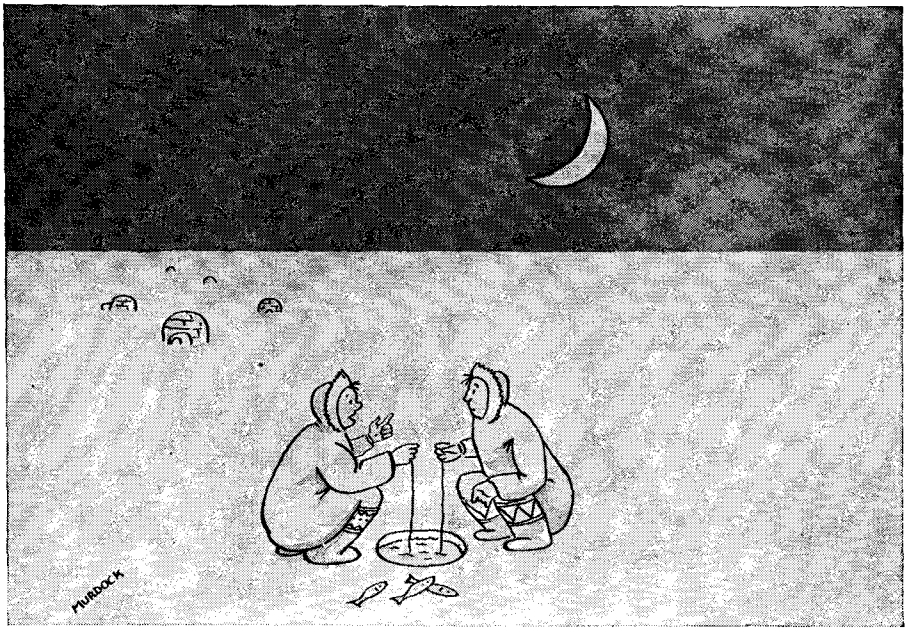
Stefansson learned other things, too, from the Eskimos: "If it is almost a mark of social distinction," he asked himself, "to eat strong cheese with a straight face, and to relish smelly birds, why is it necessarily a low practice to eat pungent fish? On the basis of such philosophizing, though with qualms, I tried the rotten fish one day, and, if memory serves, liked it better than my first taste of Camembert." (The reviewer is quoting this with his tongue in his cheek.)

Those who know Stefansson will regard it the most natural course in his eventful life that, in 1928, he entered Bellevue Hospital in order to check on his Arctic experiments in diet by living, for twelve months, on an exclusive meat diet. Stefansson not only survived but enjoyed the experiment thoroughly, and when the year was over, many brilliant ideas of the orthodox dieticians had vanished into nothingness.

"And visit your dentist twice a year": is another chapter-heading. Stefansson gets happily under the skins of the profession by dwelling on the healthy jaws and teeth of Icelanders and Eskimos. Few know their Bible as does Stefansson, and so we come to another title: "Living on the fat of the land." Pharaoh promised Joseph that he would eat the fat of the land, and Stefansson, who knows that the average citizen does not eat it if he can help it, is convinced that this is just another taboo. But the time has come now to speak of Stefansson's pet child—pemmican, which is the (North American) Indian term for a meat prepared in such a way as to contain the greatest amount of nourishment in the most compact form. Stefansson is the great historian of the first and second Pemmican Wars, and his account makes it clear that, even now, there is a Post-Pemmican War going on. The battle is far from being decided and the foes and friends of pemmican are engaged in preparing for a new onslaught.

Professor Eugene F. Du Bois writes of "Not by Bread Alone" that it should be read "by everyone who eats meat." On second thought, he seems to think that this is not enough praise and so he adds that "of course it should be read by, or read to, everyone who does not eat meat." Which would make all of mankind potential readers of Stefansson's latest brainchild.

I am not that enthusiastic. But I admit that Dr. Du Bois has a (red) point. The Lord, remember, was not pleased with Cain when he brought an offering of garden produce but was pleased with Abel when he brought some fat mutton.



". . . and if they ever do fly to the moon, nobody could live there—it's just a desolate waste."

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ANNIVERSARY OF A LETTER

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Saturday Review *makes no apology for sponsoring so grim and unpalatable a picture as emerges from the following letters. What happened at Hiroshima and Nagasaki is the responsibility of the American people. It was officially denied at the time that the bomb had any lingering deadly effects, or that the Japanese were suffering from an "atomic bomb disease." Yet the fact remains that the radioactivity produced by the bomb was literally a death ray, belonging in many respects to the poison gas classification outlawed by the Geneva convention, which the United States warned other nations to respect many times during the war. The significance and implications of this fact cannot be ignored by the American people. These implications take on added meaning in the letters that follow.*

Major John Arthur was a member of the first mission dispatched to Nagasaki to evacuate prisoners of war. His party was flown to Japan, reaching Nagasaki some ten days before the official occupation. For a while, they were the only Allied troops in an area occupied by thousands of armed Japanese soldiers. The Saturday Review *is privileged to publish excerpts from Major Arthur's letters to his brother describing his observations and experiences at Nagasaki.*

Nagasaki, Japan
10 September 1945

Dear Bob,

We came down from Tokyo in a C-47, and we felt a little funny on the way. We didn't know how the Japs would receive us—and we didn't know whether we'd run into after-effects of the atom bomb either. The medicos assured us that, to their best belief, we would find no lingering harmful radiation effect—but we still don't know. As yet, nobody from our side has been into the Nagasaki wreckage. We go tomorrow.

We got a good look at it, however, this afternoon. Passing overhead, looking for a landing place, we looked down, hunting for the evidence of the bombing. At first we couldn't find it—the whole northern valley part of the city looked the same with no marked wreckage area Then we realized why—it was *all* wreckage area. There wasn't anything left to make a contrast.

We went on over and finally landed in a rice field five miles from Nagasaki. There we sat, in a very poor position to defend ourselves, until some scared rice farmers bobbed up and stared at us. We sent them for the chief of police, who after several hours appeared from Nagasaki in an old, charcoal burning bus, loaded down with small Jap police. After making our mission known, we piled into the bus—with our hands close to our sidearms!—and drove into town skirting the ruins.

A telegram had been sent from Tokyo to announce our coming. It hasn't arrived yet, so our appearance came as a considerable shock to the Japs. So far they've been coöperative and anxious to please—even though there's only five of us. The chief wanted to bundle the girls out of the most lavish geisha house left in Nagasaki and quarter us there, as being the most suitable house remaining in the city, but we vetoed the suggestion. So we frankly wound out here at a little country club directly overlooking the Bay of Nagasaki.

Tomorrow at dawn we go into the city, establish our headquarters, and start evacuating PW's. In a couple of days the Navy will send some ships into the harbor to take the men off. In twelve days, the official occupation of this area starts. Meanwhile, we're on our own, to deal with atom radiation and armed Japs as best we may.

I'm going to be very busy, and won't be able to write much. But I want to put down what impressions I can, for your benefit now and my own later on.

For tonight, adios,

JOHN

* * *

14 September 1945

Dear Bob,

The morning of the 11th we drove into the portion of Nagasaki still habitable. It was shortly after dawn, and as we bounced over the damaged roads, we saw to the north of us, where the ruins of Nagasaki proper lie, enormous flocks of birds wheeling and soaring in the sky. At first they puzzled us. Then one of our Jap escorts, a gray-haired lieutenant of police, explained

"Bodies still in the ruins," he said. "Don't know how many yet. But bodies attract buzzards and vultures."

He seemed quite emotionless as he said it. If he felt anything as he stared at the wheeling black things in the sky, he said nothing. We heard a lot about the curious clouds of smoke the atom bomb sent up. This is another kind of atomic cloud—birds of prey.

Our first job was to arrange for disposal of the dead. The Japs, who must be given credit for industriousness, apparently started to clean up immediately after the fire, which followed the bomb, burned itself out. In many places they arranged the dead—20,000 or more killed outright—in rows like cordwood. Then many survivors began dying from delayed-action radiation burn effect. This scared them and the city was abandoned for days. The dead remained where they had been placed.

We found one long row in which bodies had been stacked to shoulder height. The top layers were tattered skeletons—the buzzards and vultures had been at work. The lower layers were flyblown and maggotty. The bottom layers had been worked on by the rats—the rats apparently survived the atom bomb better than the humans! (Wonder whether this offers any clues as to the identity of the survivors of a general atomic war of the future?)

When I saw that and smelled that, for the first time in the Army I was ill—ill from the smell of death—violently and publicly ill in the middle of what was once a street.

We are burying the dead the only way we can—having labor gangs dig deep trenches and simply shoving the piles of dead into them with improvised bulldozers.

As for the wreckage: We located the center of impact by working backward from the direction in which the blast blew the debris and bent and mangled iron and steel frameworks. Everything is blown from the center of impact, crushed flat or bent down to the ground like so many spokes of a wheel.

In the immediate center, for a diameter of perhaps half a mile, there is nothing left at all. Even the rubble has been spread evenly so that nothing is more than a foot high from the normal ground level. Immediately under the point of impact the ground appears to be a very fine, brown dust.

Working north from the center, you can stand about five miles north of the harbor and look down the valley through what used to be a crowded manufacturing and dwelling area—today there is nothing in the way to prevent you from seeing the harbor itself. In this northern section is lo-

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cated the ruins of a torpedo factory, smashed flat like a crushed match box. I went inside.

I tried to work one of the lathes, and found that many of the moving parts are fused together as if welded into a solid mass. At the entrance to the factory there still remains a concrete pillbox, in which the remains of a Japanese guard are rotting on top of a useless machine gun.

The northern valley itself tended to directionalize the force of the bomb, so that it swept down the valley to the sea, carrying everything in the area to destruction. The valley walls tended to confine the force and protect buildings on the other side of the hill mass, but these protected buildings have been damaged—if not knocked flat.

As nearly as we could judge, the bomb created such tremendous heat that it instantly burned all combustible materials, including the lathing within walls, etc., within a two or three mile area. In a somewhat smaller area, say one or two miles, such materials as could melt under intense heat did so.

I have one souvenir which will indicate the heat. In some rubble I found a pair of fine Japanese field glasses. I thought for a moment I had a real find—then I discovered that the optical lenses had melted and the liquid glass flowed down into the viewing barrels, where it hardened again.

That's all I can write now. I'll add to this when I can.

Yours,
JOHN

* * *

17 September 1945

Dear Bob,

For the first time in several days I have time to write you a bit more. The last couple of days we've been visiting hospitals, interviewing survivors, and so on. And in a way, it has been more distressing than examining the physical wreckage of Nagasaki. For this is human wreckage. The other was only dead stones and twisted steel. These are living people—many of whom are dying as they talked to one.

Our interpreter is an ordained Baptist minister who studied in California—a Japanese, of course. Through him I talked yesterday to one man whose severely burned face bears the clear imprint of a hand. At the instant the bomb went off, he had his hand to his face — not because he knew what was going to happen, but to scratch his ear! His face and arm bear deep burn scars, save for the area protected by his hand. He would be marked that way for life. I say "would" because life for him can now be measured in days.

Michael Lenson's study for the painting "Bikini."

The hospitals and school buildings that remain are jammed with the dying, who can only wait for death to take them—people who were in the vicinity when the bomb went off. Some were burned, some seemed quite unharmed at the time. Apparently a delayed radiation effect on the blood and tissues is killing them now, and the few remaining doctors hold no hope for them. The situation of the doctors here is symbolic of the tragedy. They don't know what to do, nor do they have facilities with which to do anything. All they can do is make a patient comfortable—and when he dies, admit another to take his place.

Two days ago I talked with a charming young Japanese woman who was educated in America—at Wellesley College, I think. She was quietly telling me that she considered herself lucky. She had lost her entire family,

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but had not even been burned herself. Today I heard that she had been taken to a hospital after suddenly collapsing on the street.

Speaking of this matter of losing relatives or even whole families, we find it hard to understand the philosophy of fatalism with which the survivors have accepted their losses. Either they are too stunned by the magnitude of the disaster to feel emotion, or the completeness of it leaves no recourse save to look toward the future and forget the past. There is apparently no bitterness against us for having dropped the bomb.

Virtually no one searches for the lost ones, or even inquires about them. It is assumed they are gone. Those who have found their dead, or whose relatives have died since the bomb, simply carry them from the city to bury them with a minimum of ceremony. Even now, many days after the explosion, the long lines of families trudging stolidly from the city with their dead still go on, night and day. The families of the dying wait stolidly for the inevitable, then join the processions.

Typical of what was happening to individuals is the story of a young girl whose case I closely followed. She has been in a hospital now for several days. Her hair has fallen out in large patches, her nose and ears and gums have been and are bleeding, her skin is burned into a deep design of the clothes she had been wearing. The doctors said her bones were spongy and her blood destroyed —an incipient radiation death. Her mother and her brother were waiting, silent and dry-eyed, for the end. On the porch outside they already had the wicker, basket-like hammock ready to take her away.

Our job is almost done. I'll try to add a little more to this before we go. For now . . . well, just thank God you're not a Nagasakian.

JOHN

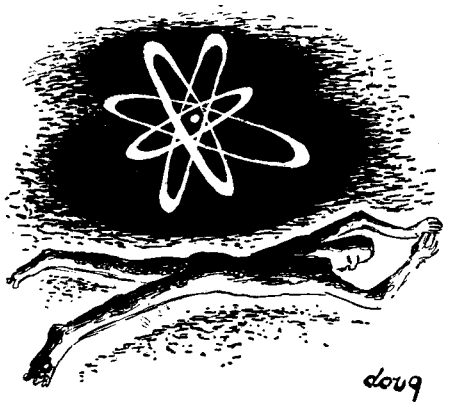
* * *

23 September 1945

Dear Bob,

Our mission is completed, and all PW's evacuated. The occupation forces have taken over, and we're preparing to take off for a quick inspection trip into the interior to check on some of the prisoner of war camps, then make our way to headquarters in Kyoto.

As for our experiences here in the world's second atomized city, I wish I could have told you more. But the job is too big for me. I won't even try to get into the debate which will probably rage back in the States—we've been furiously debating among



ourselves—as to what an atom bomb would do to an American city. I can only say this:

The Japanese, being less technically organized, and therefore less dependent on the services and coöperation of other individuals have probably fared better, on the whole, than the residents of highly integrated American cities would. What would happen, for instance, if a salvo of bombs killed 500,000 people in New York? Doubtless all food distribution systems would be destroyed. You might have more deaths from starvation than from blast or radiation effect. I can easily imagine a breakdown that would result in wholesale murder for a few scraps of food, and—but draw your own pictures.

Having seen an atomized city, I can tell you that those who have seen it with me know that nothing that has ever happened to soldiers on the battlefield can be so horrible as what will happen to civilians.

Love,
JOHN

The Story of the "Glory Boys"

WE DROPPED THE A-BOMB. By Merle Miller and Abe Spitzer. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1946. 152 pp. $2.

Reviewed by MAJOR JOSEPH HIRSH

THERE have been War Department reports and more than enough newspaper and magazine accounts of the atomic bomb raids on Japan. Belated though it is, here is the first eye-witness story of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki raids, written by the radio operator of one of the three planes participating in these missions in collaboration with Merle Miller, a pre-Pearl Harbor trained but Army developed correspondent.

"We Dropped the A-Bomb" is an important book. Not because it reports anything essentially new, but because it personalizes for those of the twenty million veterans who will read it the most dramatic incident of the war and most impelling problem of the day. Especially for those of us who served in the Air Forces, in these pages are the tediously tense days of training and briefing and dry runs, begun in October 1944, for "the Glory Boys" who were to drop the A-bomb, then known to them only as "the gimmick."

Here are the dream-filled, tossing nights broken by the eternally expected, unexpected call to the combat room where maps and wind and interception, security regulations and ditching procedures were punctured by a quiet oath, the roar of engines out of doors and shuffling feet. Here is the actual story of the Hiroshima raid —the final briefing and take-off, the flight, the open bomb-bay and "bombs away," the get-away, the explosion and the crews' reaction. Here is the report of the second raid, set for Kokura but switched to Nagasaki because of the overcast and failing gas supply.

These are searing pages to live through again, but the overt acts do not impress. Rather it is the quiet talk of crew members. Of the navigator who said before the raid, "It's a funny thing about politics. Nobody ever pays much attention to what's happening to the world—or tries to do anything about it. Then, suddenly, politics makes it impossible for us to go on in our own way any more. Maybe we ought to spend a little more time worrying about what's happening in the world; maybe we even ought to try to do something about it once in a while."

And coming back from Hiroshima, this would-be doctor said to the author, "If I ever get to be (one) and I work day and night, year in and year out, saving all the lives I can, I'll never even make a dent compared with the number of lives we took back there. The people I save will be lost in that crowd of dead."

These are the words and the thoughts of the crew of the "Great Artiste" that dropped the A-bomb. They are also those of many thousands of other crews—Air Forces, Ground Forces, Navy. That is why they are more important than the deeds themselves. It is why this is more than another war story and why Merle Miller and Abe Spitzer wrote it. Like the rest of us they want everyone to know that we don't want to have any part of another one and if we have anything to say about it we won't.

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The Pencil Is Mightier

YEARS OF WRATH, A Cartoon History: 1931-1945. By David Low with text by Quincy Howe. New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc. 1946. $3.75.

Reviewed by S. J. WOOLF

PRESIDENT LINCOLN once said that Thomas Nast was his best recruiting sergeant. Although David Low's cartoons did not compete with compulsory military service in filling the ranks of the British Army, nevertheless they played as important a part in molding public opinion as did Nast's drawings during our own Civil War. Anyone who was in England or in France after the invasion soon found this out. They were the subjects of discussion in government offices as well as in parlors and pubs. And even a Tommy in Caen taking from his wallet a soiled copy of a cartoon of Colonel Blimp asked, "When will those blighters at home wake up?"

Now we have a welcome volume of drawings covering some fifteen years which amply justify Low's position as the world's most powerful cartoonist.

The work of this New Zealander, who coming to England as a young man soon made a name for himself, must be appraised from two points of view. For he is not only an artist. He is also an observer of world affairs with a keen political as well as a prophetic sense. Had some European statesmen paid more attention to his humorous drawings of events in the thirties the cataclysm of the forties might have been averted.

When Japan seized a piece of China, Low sounded a note of warning. He continued to do so when Mussolini invaded Ethiopia, when Franco was murdering Loyalists, and while Hitler was getting ready for Der Tag. His cartoons published then and now contained in the new volume prove conclusively that his foresight was as good as anyone's hindsight. And at the same time that he depicted the impending dangers he drew with trenchant lines Baldwin, Chamberlain, Eden, and the others kowtowing to the aggressors, applauded as they did so by Colonel Blimp, one of the few symbolical characters that he has created.

For unlike many other cartoonists, Low employs reality rather than symbolism to express his ideas. He prefers to portray Russia by a remarkable caricature of Stalin rather than by a bear. John Bull and Uncle Sam rarely appear in his drawings. Instead there are the vacillating Chamberlain, the cigar-smoking Churchill, and the smiling Roosevelt with a long cigarette holder tilted in his mouth. They are all drawn with masterly reserve, yet they are all startling likenesses, caricatures in the best sense of the word.

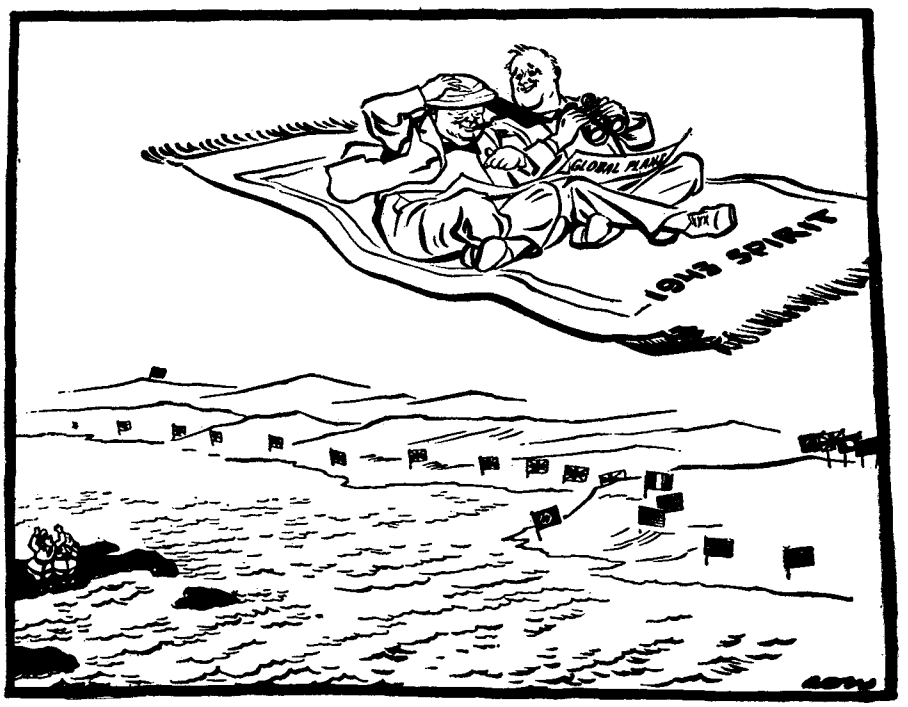
Perhaps no cartoon of his shows this discarding of accepted ideas more than the drawing published at the time of President Roosevelt's death. When Lincoln was assassinated Sir John Tenniel's cartoon in *Punch* showed a figure of Britannia laying a wreath on his bier. Low drew a G.I. placing one on a vacant desk on which was lying the late President's cigarette holder. And when the war ended no classical figures appeared in his drawing. Instead an ordinary young man and young woman bared their arms as they looked at the wrecked world and got ready to rebuild it.

It is this down-to-earth quality which gives Low his peculiar punch. He has an equal appeal for the library worker and for the reader of the comic strip. His drawings are terse, concise, and to the point. They crystallize an important idea into concrete form.

Artistically his drawings are more than competent. Although he is no Daumier or Hogarth, he ranks well compared with Rowlandson, Gilray, Leech, and Tenniel. Moreover, unlike any of these other masters, his cartoons do not smack of any one country.

His line is broader and heavier than Phil May's. Yet like that caricaturist whose work in Australia undoubtedly influenced him, he depends to a large degree on white spaces. He also knows how to compose with splotches of black. In this he is reminiscent of that able, but now almost forgotten Spaniard, Vierge. Seldom is he forced to use any middle tones for his effects. As a result there are a spontaneity and directness in his drawings which are compelling in their appeal. His execution is as forceful as his ideas. And this combination is rare.

The variety of his composition prevents a collection of his work from becoming tiresome or monotonous. Apart from their subjects the drawings are interesting in themselves. It is for this reason that it is to be regretted that the publishers of "The Years of Wrath" saw fit to reproduce them on so small a scale. The book is sub-titled "A Cartoon History of the War," yet although the pages are about eleven by eight inches the drawings are less than half that size. Almost as much space is taken up to remarks by Quincy Howe, which though interesting seem to me almost entirely unnecessary. Most of the drawings are self explanatory. The date of original publication (which is not given) and a line or two of background would have been ample to have made any one of the cartoons clear to those who have already forgotten comparatively recent events. Fifty years hence perhaps an edition of Mr. Low's cartoons will need this amount of text. The publishers themselves say in the blurb on the cover that Low's work "illustrates the truth of the Chinese proverb that a picture tells more than a thousand words." Why drag in the words?



—*From the book.*

Flying Statesmen—arriving for "unconditional surrender" conference at Casablanca.

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MYRRH vs MURDER

A RECENT correspondent — Ted Gordon of Bell, California, in the August 10 issue—submitted lists of the ten "most beautiful words in English," as chosen by Wilfred Funk, and the ten "ugliest and most unpleasant words," as selected by the National Association of Teachers of Speech. (One may wonder, in passing, why each of these agencies left the job half done. Why no list of ugly words from Mr. Funk, and no list of beautiful words from the NATS?)

Mr. Funk's list embraced, apparently with some emotion, *dawn, lullaby, hush, luminous, murmuring, tranquil, mist, chimes, golden, melody.*

The organized nose of the NATS was turned up at *phlegmatic, crunch, flatulent, cacophony, treachery, sap, jazz, plutocrat, gripe, plump.*

Not without significance are Mr. Funk's inclusion of *melody* and the NATS's inclusion of *cacophony.* The particular and highly revealing appositeness of these choices will be indicated presently.

Neither list seems to be in any particular order. Toward the middle, to be sure, Mr. Funk's becomes alphabetical for a moment and then goes haywire again. The NATS list is never alphabetical for more than two words in a row. Does this mean that Mr. Funk regards *dawn* as the most beautiful single word (a sort of Miss English) or the least (of his ten, that is), and does he work up to a climax in *melody?* Do the members of the NATS shudder hardest at *phlegmatic* or *plump?* It is, of course, inconceivable that the association would admit to its higher councils any teacher of speech who was both plump and phlegmatic.

Perhaps it doesn't matter. But what does matter, it seems to us, is that both Mr. Funk and the NATS have fallen into a trap of whose existence Sir Max Beerbohm (then plain Mr. Beerbohm) gave warning more than thirty-five years ago. In an essay on "The Naming of Streets" he wrote:

> There is no word which, by itself, sounds ill or well. In combination, names or words may be made to sound ill or well. A sentence can be musical or unmusical. But in detachment words are no more preferable one to another in their sound than are single notes of music. What you take to be beauty or ugliness of sound is indeed nothing but beauty or ugliness of meaning. You are pleased by the sound of such words as *gondola, vestments, chancel, ermine, manor-house.* They seem to be fraught with a subtle onomatopoeia, severally suggesting by their sounds the grace or sanctity or solid comfort of the things which they connote. You murmur them luxuriously, dreamily. Prepare for a slight shock. *Scrofula, investments, cancer, vermin, warehouse.* Horrible words, are they not? But say *gondola-scrofula, vestments-investments,* and so on; and then lay your hand on your heart, and declare that the words in the first list are in mere sound nicer than the words in the second. Of course they are not. If gondola were a disease, and if a scrofula were a beautiful boat peculiar to a beautiful city, the effect of each word would be exactly the reverse of what it is.

Let us apply this test to the Funk and NATS lists. *Dawn* can be drizzly, sleety, cold, cheerless, but set by itself, as Mr. Funk does set it, one inevitably envisions the rosy-fingered creature of Homer. *Hush* may be roared at a bawling infant, but here again one thinks rather of stags at eve and birdies tucked in their nests. *Mist* can be the very devil if you have a hundred miles to drive along a coastal highway on a moonless night, but it also suggests dozens of scenes in "Idylls of the King." The seven remaining words connote definitely, if not altogether exclusively, pleasantness.

Why is the NATS queasy about *phlegmatic?* A phlegmatic person should be the least objectionable of men, unless you need his help in a fight. Crunching can be delightful—peanut brittle, for instance. Plumpness is not necessarily a defect. But the other seven "ugly" words (the number must be talismanic) clearly have unpleasant connotations (one assumes that *sap* signifies an individual). A plutocrat is objectionable only to a non-plutocrat, not to himself, but plutocrats, of course, do not call each other plutocrats. Incidentally, our one quarrel with Sir Max's own lists is his citation of *investments* as a word of unpleasant connotation. It is not so regarded in this country. There are probably compatriots of Sir Max who do not so regard it either.

J. T. W.

Men Came Through the Floor

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

PEOPLE, green earth, the trees were at his door,
But sea and waves were in under the floor;
Whatever he thought, whatever the games he played,
The boy heard sea below and waves it made.

Even in the midst of vast night's gloom
The floor raised up, a man rose in the room
With light below him, came up shadow-eyed
From lanterns, nets, and boat upon the tide.

It was as though his father came from a star
And brought the light home with him from the far
Starry places he had sailed that night,
Came through the floor and filled the house with light.

It was the same even in sunlit day;
His father and his friends came home that way;
The boy looked down and past them as they came;
The sun was there, it licked the waves with flame.

Sometimes the men brought up the silver fish
Or quahaugs opening like a blue-edge dish,
But always they had sun or stars somewhere
Below them as they came up stair by stair.

It was the kind of home a child whose head
Was full of stars and books would choose. His bed
Stood over something deep and blue as thunder,
And men did not come in but came from under.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Connolly's Arithmetic

SIR: One of the most controversial essays in Cyril Connolly's "The Condemned Playground" (reviewed July 13) was his slashing attack on A. E. Housman. When this appeared in the *New Statesman and Nation*, it provoked several replies, which Mr. Connolly has with great fairness included in his book. There is one curious point which may interest your readers. Mr. Connolly says that Housman's "use of rhythm is peculiarly sentimental and artful, as in his metrically morbid experiments in the five-line stanza:

For she and I were long acquainted
And I knew all her ways. . . .
Well went the dances
At evening to the flute.

It is surprising that none of the four correspondents who rose to Housman's defense, or any reviewer that I have seen, has pointed out that of these two "metrically morbid experiments in the five-line stanza" the first comes from a poem where the stanzas have six lines, and the second from one where they have eight.

BASIL DAVENPORT.

New York, N. Y.

One Man's Poison

SIR: When I got out of the Army I thought, "Now I'll have the chance to write the book I've wanted to." I had something to say, really, about my life in the Army and the mess I saw in Europe. But I made the mistake of reading a little and working on a civilian job for a few months before I took to the hills.

Most of the writing I see now is violent and confused and noisy. I see no truth in it. I get no understanding from it. I don't think I want it, even to while away my leisure hours.

And I'm through trying to turn the reality I see around me into a story. To do this to a decent man's satisfaction, you have to have more than a "feeling for words," a sharp memory, an exciting life. You have to have a religion. You have to know what's good and bad as well as what's petty and ugly. You have to be a prophet.

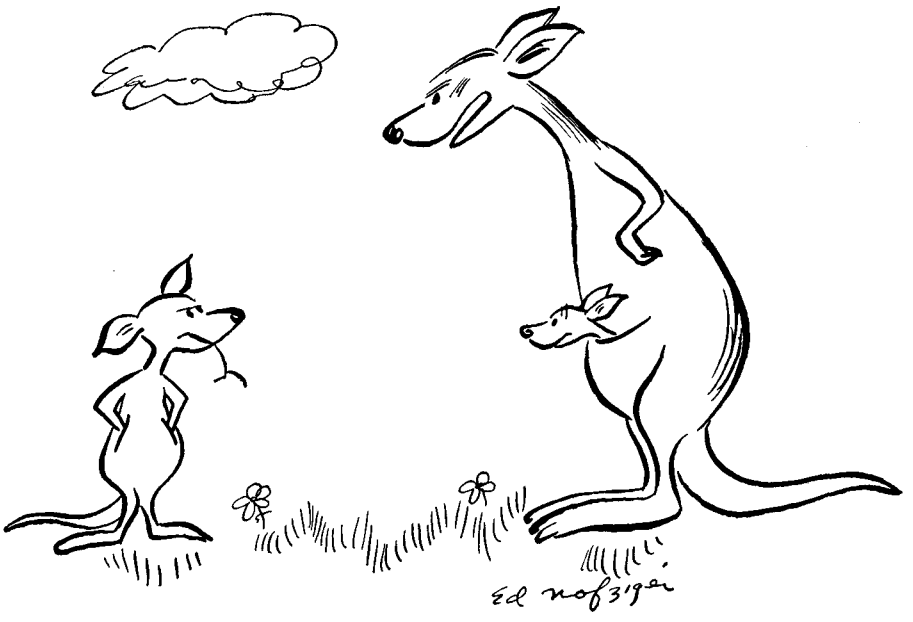
This is something a man cannot be by his own unaided efforts. Maybe he can swell himself up and tell people he is a prophet. Maybe he can fool people that it is God and not his own egotism that speaks and judges. But if he has a decent spark of self-consciousness in him he will know that that is not so. I don't believe that a man today can be a really sincere artist. He cannot be a halfway good man and still an artist—of that I am sure.

I read a book that brought me to this decision. The book was called "A Generation of Vipers." When it said everybody was a viper, I agreed. I even thought its author was one, too. It was a loud-mouthed book full of hisses and the juttings out of a forked tongue. I am convinced—you cannot write a good book when you think men are loathsome, because the thought makes you loathsome, too. You cannot write a good book when you are confused or nervous. But everybody is confused and nervous now. I say to hell with the attempts.

I know I've got to do something with my life, something with my time. But it will be something more human and less pretentious. I'll find a job to work at and evenings maybe I'll just sit around and talk to people. But I'm through floundering around in this mess of washed-out wit and half-baked wisdom, of violence and aimless energy and arrogance that writers throw in my face when I open one of their books. It hits me, too, when I open the lid to my own heart and try to pull out a word or two. I'm a bad enough person, in a bad enough world anyway. Why should I run around scattering putrefaction and pretending it is rose petals?

WILLIAM PARKER.

Washington, D. C.



"Take your hands out of your pockets!"

Eileen Power Memorial Fund

SIR: At the time of her premature death in 1940, friends of the late Eileen Power decided to commemorate her name by establishing a trust fund for the encouragement of young scholars in social and economic history, the field to which she had devoted her happy and fruitful life. As is widely known, Miss Power was a scholar of remarkable attainments, her interests ranging from the European Middle Ages to the modern Far East. She was also a brilliant teacher who gained the devotion of pupils from many parts of the world.

The trustees of the Eileen Power Memorial Fund, at present under the chairmanship of Sir A. M. Carr-Saunders, Director of the London School of Economics, look forward to offering biennial studentships of the value of £250. University graduates of any country may apply, for the purpose of study in any other country, subject only to the provision that if not domiciled in the United Kingdom they must spend a part of their period of study there. Particulars will be published in March, 1947.

The American Committee for the Eileen Power Memorial Fund hopes that as many of Eileen Power's friends in this country as find it possible to do so will join in this tribute to her memory by contributing to the Fund. Both small and substantial contributions will be welcome. Checks should be made payable to the order of the American Committee for the Eileen Power Memorial Fund and sent to Jerome D. Greene, 50 State Street, Boston 9, Massachusetts.

SYLVIA L. THRUPP,
Secretary.

Chicago, Ill.

"Laylocks"

SIR: In Louisa May Alcott's "Under the Lilacs" (1878) Ben Brown informs Miss Celia (who *was* she?—a Peabody?) that "they call that place the Laylocks now, 'cause there's a hedge of 'em all down the path and front wall." The scene, presumably, is Massachusetts; at least the "inspired babe" and six-year-old poet, Alfred Tennyson Barlow, informs his hostess that "we live in Springfield." For Barlow, read Bowles, I suppose. His father "made a paper."

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE.

Montgomery, Vt.

Positively Final

SIR: A reviewer who makes me froff
Says the plot doesn't quite come off.

ALAN SHAPIRO.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Marital Status

SIR: I would grant the Devil's kiss
To critics who call a Mrs. Miss.

G. E. HORA.

Chicago, Ill.

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The Guilty Generations

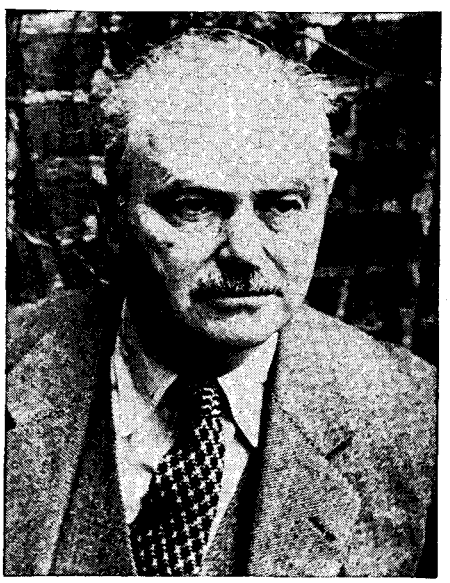
ISLAND IN THE ATLANTIC. By Waldo Frank. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1946. 503 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE novel is a house of many mansions. It gives living room to entertainer, propagandist, moralist, historian, psychologist, philosopher, and many another alike, asking of them only that they say what they have to say in story form. Giving room to the author of "Island in the Atlantic," the novel serves a writer who cannot be tagged with a single label, for in Waldo Frank's latest fiction the historian collaborates with the moralist, while the psychologist is a colleague of the philosopher. The entertainer is also present, but in distinct subservience to his companions. As for the propagandist, it all depends on what you mean by propaganda: in the best sense of the word, it cannot be absent from any serious writing.

Mr. Frank's theme is what is familiarly known as life in the large: the nature of man and the meaning of his existence. His concern is with fundamentals and universals, but being a novelist he must work with incident and character within a limited social frame, speaking for his characters occasionally, but for the most part making them speak for themselves. His chosen frame is large and his characters fairly numerous. His story begins with the New York Draft Riots of 1863 and ends with the sinking of a great liner that is named the *Cosmopolis,* but might better have been named the *Titanic.* The central figure of this story is Jonathan Hartt, whom we meet at the age of fifteen, and who dies only at the novel's end. Jonathan is a Jew, the son of an idealistic, unsuccessful father and a stern, ambitious-for-her-sons, disciplinarian mother. The story gets under way when, amid the bloody confusion of the riots, Jonathan meets Evan Cleeve, son of one of the country's richest and most successful lawyers. Thereafter, for years, the destiny of these very different two is closely linked; until Evan finally breaks away, driven along his own suicidal road. But Evan comes back to die, and after that we follow the destinies of Jonathan's son and Evan's daughter and Marius, the son of Frieda, the Hartts' one-time servant, while still traveling in company with the older characters of the novel.

The journey, from beginning to end, is a long one and not a happy one. Of all these men and women, none is truly happy. Evan's mother kills herself. Evan finally manages to kill himself also, after long trying, and after having helped to hasten the death of his father. Rachel dooms herself to suffering when she gives her love to Evan, while Rebecca, their daughter, is the prey of desires she can neither formulate nor satisfy. Greta, Jonathan's wife, lives with a gulf between herself and her husband, much though they love each other. Jeff, their son, is a victim of Rebecca and his own uncertainties. Marius covers inner hurt with outer hardness, and the conflict between Marius and Jeff ends with the death of the former at the latter's hand. Grosvenor Cleeve is a strong, successful man, sure of his values; but look at the ruin of his life. Reuben, Jonathan's successful brother, enjoys for years the satisfaction of his vanity, but a time comes when he has no wish to survive. The life of Jonathan's sister Lucia is a stagnant pond, that of his mother self-defeating, while his father's life is sustained only by ingrained faith. And Jonathan's own life is not at all what he had intended it to be: he was to have been a good and just judge, and he becomes a famous and money-making lawyer. Only to Philip and Corinna can we grant a fair measure of happiness, but it is precisely they who are the most shadowy of Mr. Frank's characters. The death-urge is strongest in Evan, but it is in almost all of them. They are all the victims of a pervasive blight.



Waldo Frank sees "every man for himself, out for all he can get."

What is the answer? The Calvinists have a word for it, as we know, and I am not sure that Mr. Frank's word for it is so very different. He has nothing to say about original sin, but he has a good deal to say about guilt and guilty generations. "To feel no guilt in this world, you see, is to be a traitor." One must know his own guilt if he is to be saved.

Behind the personal stories that he tells, Mr. Frank tells the background story, as he understands it, of how the world, and our country in particular, came to be what it is today. He is a convinced, persuasive historian; and it is a sorry tale as he sees and writes it. Every man for himself, out for all he can get.

This is a long and profoundly thought-out novel, written with grave intent and honest searching. That it is successful as a novel, or as a whole, I am not at all sure, but I have no doubt as to the value of many of its parts. Mr. Frank studies his characters with the patience and understanding of an analyst, but his ability to project character in words is less than his ability to project ideas, or to narrate incident, or to report what his imagination has evoked from a factual past. He can put ideas into his characters' heads and eloquence into their mouths, but we remain conscious of the breath of their creator. They do not walk alone.

Whatever the final verdict upon "Island in the Atlantic" may be, two things are certain. It will not please admirers of facile fiction, and it deserves to be read with all the seriousness with which it has been written.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 170

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 170 *will be found in the next issue.*

GZ AZYB GZ XBCW DV GZ

BEUFCTIB FZHXV ZS BTTHD

SZX FZHXV ZS WBADIFG.

UFCXABV RZTGBVKHDBH

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 169

I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself than be crowded on a velvet cushion.

HENRY THOREAU.

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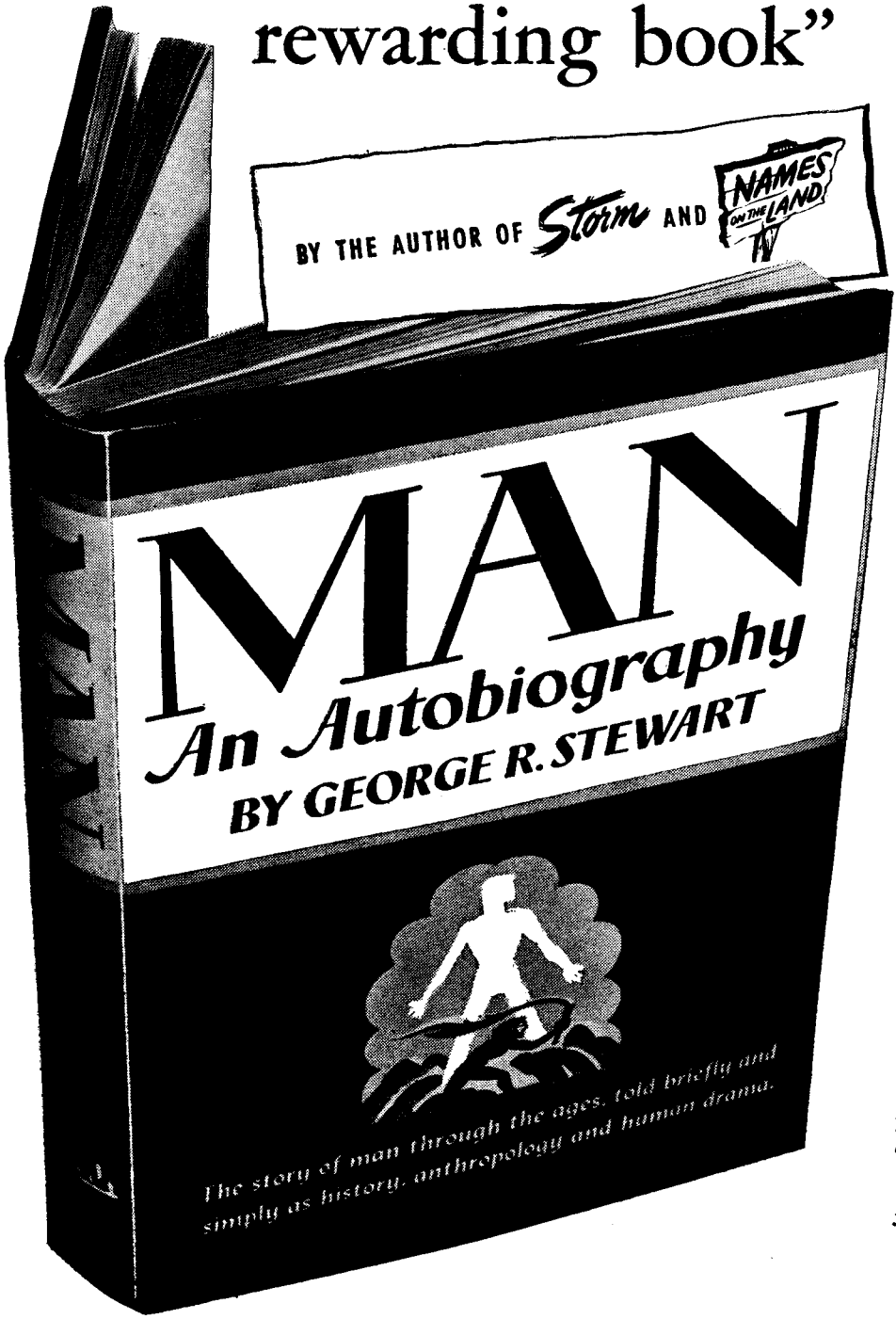
SELECTED BY THE NONFICTION BOOK CLUB

"The year is not likely to see a more divertingly thoughtful or consistently rewarding book"


BY THE AUTHOR OF Storm AND NAMES ON THE LAND
MAN
An Autobiography
BY GEORGE R. STEWART
The story of man through the ages, told briefly and simply as history, anthropology and human drama.

THERE IS too much *ology* in our language. If you pick up a pebble and examine it, that's *geology;* if your blood runs cold, that's *physiology;* if you love your wife, that's *biology.* We have always wondered why a book that adds to human knowledge has to be written as if the author were afraid of tripping over his long grey beard. Reading should be fun. Here, at last, is an informal history of Man, from 1,000,000 B.C. to the atom bomb *. . . and it's fun to read!*

This delightful new book, by the author of those unusual bestsellers STORM and NAMES ON THE LAND, is the story of the series of changes which brought Man down from his tree and set him up in a penthouse. It is Man's own story—told in his own words, and from *his* point of view . . . not the meaningless juxtaposition of dates and events which we all reluctantly memorized at school.

Surprising, lively, daring and sometimes impudent, this story of Man through the ages is as fascinating as it is challenging. You'll enjoy it as much as the critics have. Read what they say:

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE: "George R. Stewart has made a specialty of writing books the like of which were never before seen. He has found themes nobody has thought of undertaking . . . This time he plunges into the theme of themes, the whole career of humanity . . . The book is an amazing feat of condensation. It was accomplished by concentrating on what was done and ignoring who did it . . . by holding to one theme and discarding everything irrelevant . . . As an account of the inventions by which I, Man, have learned to get along in the world as I do, the book is admirable." — *Edwin Grant Burrows.*

N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "A thoroughly honest attempt to describe and, where possible, to explain the evolution of Man and the rise of civilization . . . It has a fine sense of the dramatic and is excellently written . . . readers will find it entertaining."—*Ralph Linton.*

PHILADELPHIA RECORD: "Ingenious, unconventional, and arresting. The next Nonfiction Book Club choice will have to be an extraordinarily good one even to match this initial offering—and that's no fiction . . . I know of no book quite like this one, none that better or more stimulatingly tells the dramatic story of man and the endless changes wrought on him and by him down the centuries . . . It's a surprisingly good idea, and it's an idea full of surprises . . . The year is not likely to see a more divertingly thoughtful or consistently rewarding book."—*Charles Lee.*

N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW: "Certainly nothing lies much closer to the science of truth than does the science of man. Yet, it is seldom that anthropologists have given us a deep view of the meaning of life as a whole. Perhaps it takes a layman to see anthropology in such a way that it becomes a philosophy. At any rate, such a layman, and such a philosopher, is George R. Stewart, the author of MAN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY . . . At each step he gives us a brilliant rationale and summary of Man's progress."—*Kenneth Macgowan.*

310 pages, indexed, $2.75

RANDOM HOUSE

New York

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TRADE Winds

Richard L. Simon—the Simon of Simon & Schuster—is this week's guest conductor of Trade Winds. Bennett Cerf is on vacation.

FELLOW TRAVELERS. It has never occurred to me to ask Bennett Cerf why he retains "Trade Winds" as the title of his column. I have a suspicion that it dates back to the early twenties when he and I were fellow travelers for the publishing firm of Boni and Liveright. In those happy days "fellow travelers" meant a couple of road salesmen who went out on the road to call on the trade.

Bennett was never the man (or boy) to do his traveling in day coaches. He had left Wall Street at the ripe age of twenty-six, and with a ripe sum of money that enabled him to buy a Cadillac. And so we combined a motor trip to the Harvard-Yale game in Cambridge with an elementary course in Traveling for the Trade.

A month before, Bennett and I had had lunch together. He didn't like Wall Street, and I had been planning to leave Boni and Liveright. Over our dessert and coffee it seemed like the most logical thing in the world to mix these two phenomena in some way. Thus, that afternoon Horace Liveright hired a new salesman, and the following morning Max Schuster and I began looking for office space.

Our trip up the Boston Post Road began with my explaining to Bennett about shipping schedules. This was interrupted with a half-dozen Try-and-Stop-Me's that got us as far as New Rochelle, where the lecture on trade discounts began. At Larchmont we were singing *a capella* duets from the scores of Gershwin, Rodgers, and Kern. Bennett tried, and succeeded in, stopping us. But Bridgeport began the lecture on return privileges. This so aroused Bennett's nostalgia that between there and Providence we sang the entire musical output of Victor Herbert and Arthur Sullivan, and ended attempting to harmonize "Kitten on the Keys."

It was a wonderful weekend. Either Yale or Harvard won, we saw a lot of our friends, and the Boston booksellers were as friendly and as much fun to sell to as they are today.

Bennett decided that weekend that he liked selling books and ever since has been calling on the trade.

ADVERTISABILITY OF BOOKS. It seems to me that Henry Holt's weekly page in *SRL* is just about the best book advertising that has ever been done. The copy is written with grace, sincerity, and wit. The layout, art work, and typography have seldom been equalled in any series of ads. I have wondered at times why more publishers' advertising doesn't come up to the Holt page. The answer is not too simple. It lies in the nature of book advertising and in its function.

Each season a publisher advertises not one book, but anywhere from ten to several hundred books. Many publishers, Henry Holt included, have at times made efforts to sell their names—in the way Ford or General Electric have tried to sell *their* names—to the public. To prove how unsuccessful their efforts have been, I have only to refer you to the publishers' imprint questionnaire on which Bennett Cerf reported in this column a few weeks ago. *SRL* readers are probably more knowledgeable about authors and publishers than any group in the country—excluding, of course, the small group within the trade itself. The results that were published in Trade Winds were no more humiliating than the results of a similar poll which Dr. Gallup made for our own firm a year ago.

Nor—by hindsight—were the findings unexpected. An industrial company like Wrigley's, Lever Brothers, or Johns-Manville has complete control of its product: it makes it or has it made according to fixed specifications. A publisher has no such control—and a good thing, too! As a result, the public is appallingly uninterested in the name of a Holt or a Scribner or a Doubleday on the spine of a book. But it *is* interested in the author's name, the subject and content of the book, its authority, and what people have been saying about it.

In order, therefore, to make his advertising sell books a publisher stresses author, subject matter, authority, testimonials. But the trouble with most book advertising is that it consists almost exclusively of testimonials, known in the trade as "quotes." The reason you see so many of these is because: (a) most authors insist on them; (b) it is the easiest thing to do, and (c) out of ten or a hundred books on a publisher's list there are quite a few which just aren't very good. On the whole, book advertising writers are sincere (in the non-Huckster sense) and cannot bring themselves to write stuff they simply don't believe. The way out is to use quotes. At least *someone* liked the book. Or part of it.

Then why does Henry Holt go to the trouble of doing all that excellent advertising? The answer lies in the nature and function of publishers' advertising. Advertisements are hopefully designed to sell books directly, or else indirectly by creating and furthering talk about a given book. In addition, the function of advertising is to create good will within publishing circles: among booksellers, authors, agents, as well as buyers of literary commodities such as magazine editors, book club judges and executives, motion picture companies and newspaper syndicates. It is here, and only here, that imprint or prestige advertising is valuable. There is probably one other reason why Henry Holt takes such pains with its ads each week, and it may well be the most important reason of all. There is no doubt some person in the Holt office who loves publishing and advertising so much that he would rather spend evenings and weekends at that particular job than he would enjoy going to Fire Island or playing bridge or going to the movies. And that is possibly the reason why there is so little superb book advertising, or, in fact, so little first-rate advertising of any kind.

In looking through the advertising pages of *Publishers' Weekly,* I often see the phrase "$10,000 will be spent advertising this book." Our own firm has often used it, and yet it strikes me as quite meaningless beyond the fact that it announces a publisher's willingness to gamble that much money in promotion and paid advertising space. It implies that the pub-

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THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Plymouth is a nice name—but I was rather hoping they'd name it Smithville."

lisher thinks he will sell twice as many copies of that book as the one on which he publicly promises to spend $5,000. Often the $5,000 book actually sells better than its $10,000 brother; and, even more likely, one of the books for which no advertising at all was promised will become the most successful book on the publisher's list. It has happened too often to be funny. The amount of advertising space bought is far less important than the time and trouble a skilful advertising man who really loves a book will devote to it.

The only time a publisher's advertising sells books profitably is when the public would buy a given book even if there were no advertising. In that case the quality of the advertising can become really important. It can cause a book that would (without any advertising) sell 5,000 copies, to sell twice, or ten, or a hundred times as many copies. The more skilful the advertising is, the more will the sale be multiplied. The result depends partly on the degree of the book's inherently universal appeal, but mostly on the excellence of the advertising.

HAS ANYONE ever written about the effect of "Pollyanna" on American writing? It might make some sort of Ph.D. thesis, and then be whipped into a readable piece for *SRL*, *Harper's*, or *The Atlantic Monthly*. It seems to me the thesis would go something like this:

"Pollyanna" was first published in 1913. It was that wonderful period in our country when few people had time to look at the unhappy side of life. Eleanor Porter's heroine was like the girl that married Dear Old Dad, and there was a Daddy-Long-Legs around every corner. Oh, yes, there were things like strikes, lynchings, and a few murders, but they didn't concern most of the people. Pollyanna was the girl counterpart of Santa Claus. Life was mostly Gee Whizz.

After World War I, we awoke to the fact that something had hit Santa Claus, and as the years passed Pollyanna passed along with them. Life turned from Gee Whizz to Oh Yeah? Books like "Main Street" and "Three Soldiers" appeared. And then came Hemingway, who not only epitomized the post-Santa Claus era, but in addition wrote magnificently and in a manner that seemed like the simple answer to lazy and disenchanted writers. All that was necessary was to be disillusioned on paper. What if the story were badly told, if the characters were hazy? You didn't expect him to write another "Pollyanna." Hemingway portrayed men and women who were elemental and genuine, and hurt. Many of them seemed inarticulate. It was a lovely and deceptively simple recipe. But in the hands of inexperienced writers inarticulate frustration made for difficult reading. Even the four-letter words didn't help much. But they certainly did put Pollyanna in her place.

RICHARD L. SIMON.

GUNMAN'S GOSSIP

THE month of September brought the Crime Club two books of such stature that it was an argument as to which should be the selection. To avoid any mayhem, murder or other unpleasantness in an office devoted to the study of such actions—both were made selections.

The new RUFUS KING book plays on a woman's curiosity. Frankly, it is the old Bluebeard pattern — but done with flourishes and a psychological suspense that makes it a spine chiller.

Earl Rumney had charm but a driving ambition which led him to marry pretty Lily because she was wealthy and Earl spent lavishly on his newspaper enterprises and his establishment. One of his expensive hobbies was collecting his "Museum Pieces"; rooms and furnishings in which grisly crimes had occurred were brought to his estate and reconstructed in detail in the north wing of the house. Twelve of these rooms were open for all to see, but the thirteenth was kept locked.

MUSEUM PIECE NO. 13 shows how Lily realized she must enter that room in the hope of saving her husband's sanity, and in all probability, her own life.

John Sherwood's curiosity is the motivating force in **ONE ALONE,** VAN SILLER's fast moving novel. First it was curiosity about the beautiful Ellen Winterton whom he sees on the train going to California. The curiosity turns to love when he interrupts his trip to follow her to an Arizona resort, and finally meets her.

But then he finds she was a suspect in a killing in Washington, and when she flees an even bolder murder in Arizona, John Sherwood knows he must either prove her innocence to the whole world—or he must prove to himself that this lovely creature is really a murderess and leave her forever.

* * *

Your curiosity will do things to you in both these books.

The Gunman

THE CRIME CLUB

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The Wisdom of Father Brown

SEEING THINGS. By John Mason Brown. New York: Whittlesey House. 1946. 335 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN

JOHN MASON BROWN once reported in his delightful "Unaccustomed As I Am" the odd ways in which he has been introduced on the lecture platform. To use language he must have heard hundreds of times, John Mason Brown needs no introduction, particularly to the readers of *The Saturday Review*. He is obviously one of the excellent reasons faithful subscribers remain faithful. But after the time-honored fashion of chairmen I shall introduce him none the less. In trying to do so I at once experience some of the familiar difficulties of a toastmaster. How is one to classify an author whom his readers already know to be versatile, how is one to place a book that cuts across all the conventional boundaries? Mr. Brown was once exclusively, is still part time, a dramatic critic. A good part of this book is concerned with plays and actors and acting. But Mr. Brown is also (over CBS) a commentator on books, and an excellent one. Some of the finest pieces in this book are about books, some of them old ones that Mr. Brown has discussed over "Invitation to Learning," discussed them, several times, I am happy to say, with the present reviewer. In his column in this journal he likes to write about things in general, about the great stage of the world as well as about stage plays. He has been a naval officer, and from "Many a Watchful Night" one knows the courage, perception, and good sense with which he managed to stand apart and see men and events in war, and in the present even more troubled context of peace. And while Mr. Brown has the good critic's absorption in what he is writing about rather than in himself, one cannot read a page of his without noting the quality of the critical voice itself that one is listening to. One pauses to note and rejoice in its vividness, its friendliness, its spirited exactness. One rejoices above all in his celebration of life and the patent clarification of life itself that his criticism provides. Except that the word connotes to too many who should know better abstractness and dullness, I should say the best term for him is philosopher. He is not one, of course, in the technical sense, but in the fine old meaning of a lover of wisdom which he so often expresses. He is a gay philosopher, too, who is constantly lapsing into the quality of a poet, and whose analyses have something of the impact of the theatre.

But Mr. Brown—like most chairmen I go on longer than I had intended—is perhaps better described as a philosophical man of letters. No mere philosopher ever cared so much about language, or bothered to use it so picturesquely and lambently. Perhaps no philosopher would allow himself some of Mr. Brown's pleasant indulgences, the jeweled alliteration, the pun even, the lively epigram. And I know no philosopher who seems to be having so good a time conversing personally or on the printed page.

It is really high time (like even the most long-winded chairman) I finally let Mr. Brown at least in part speak for himself. But after all he has a chance to do that almost every week in these pages. But I shall let him at least semi-speak for himself by talking now more specifically about this book. But there, too, is the problem of definition, which Mr. Brown being — see above — a philosopher knows is very difficult. One way of defining it is by saying that many of the essays therein contained originally appeared in his department in the *SRL*. Another possible way of indicating (but only faintly) its contents and its temper is to say that many of the pieces are about the theatre. But then the book contains also a tender and shrewd piece about what children's birthdays mean to the children and to the adults involved; there is a commencement address which, despite the author's warning, does not contain platitudes. One must note also that the pieces about the theatre are never purely about the theatre. On the other hand, the essays about life always have something of the play and the excitement of the drama.

Thus the comment on the production of "The Late George Apley" moves smoothly from the technique of comedy and satire as presented on the stage to the virtues and imitations of Boston ladies and gentlemen, and the meaning of the whole genteel New England tradition in American life. Again, "The Hasty Heart" is not only about a play about a dying soldier, but it is a study, in a very few pages, too, of the inadequacy of words in wartime farewells, or in any of the serious crises of that quieter warfare we call peace. And there is drama itself in the recapturing of the mood of the theatre to an enraptured child, and the significance of the passing of that complete magic for adults. He scouts the notion that war books must wait for "emotion remembered in tranquility," pointing out aptly enough: "Tranquility is a luxury we are not likely to enjoy again in our lifetime." Watching a LaGuardia broadcast becomes for him the watching of a well-staged play, as doubtless it is. His review of "Colonel Blimp" is a review of that English civilization Mr. Brown knows so critically, so lovingly, and so well, both in war and in peace.

—Cover Jacket by Frances O'Brien Garfield.

John Mason Brown, a "gay philosopher . . . who is constantly lapsing into the quality of a poet."

I could go on with the table of contents, but I have said enough to tell or remind the readers of this journal what sort of thing is likely to meet them in this volume. I mean quite seriously that Mr. Brown's book is a sort of philosophical running commentary, a philosophy of life in these various aspects of it which impinge on Mr. Brown's lively and delicate sensibilities when he meets an engaging play, personality, or book, when his ranging and generous mind is challenged by the gravest issues of our time, as when he is making an address to the young students at the University of Montana. Oh, yes, there are one or two things I cavil at. There is almost too much alliteration, a shade too many epigrams and, for my taste, too unbridled enthusiasm for Alexander Woollcott and Noel Coward. But otherwise, as Mr. Brown himself might allow himself to say, you couldn't get into a nicer Brown study.

The Rose

By Lloyd Frankenberg

THE beetle feeds on beauty,
The petal of the rose.
If beautiful the beetle
From eating of the petal,
Then death were beautiful
When beauty goes.

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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

The Musical Hit
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Norma Howard, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Jack Kilty • David Burns • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Theatre Guild & John C. Wilson present
ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
"O Mistress Mine"
A Comedy by TERENCE RATTIGAN
Directed by MR. LUNT
EMPIRE THEA., 40th & Bway. Mats. Thurs., Sat.

"Merman's A Wow!"—Chapman, News
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present
ETHEL MERMAN
In The Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St., West of B'way
Eves 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

LELAND HAYWARD presents
1946 PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
RALPH BELLAMY • KAY FRANCIS
STATE OF THE UNION
A New Comedy
by Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
with MYRON McCORMICK, MINOR WATSON, MARGALO GILLMORE
HUDSON, 44 St., E. of B'way. AIR-COND.
Evgs. 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:35

"Great Stuff!"—Kronenberger, P. M.
KERN AND HAMMERSTEIN'S
"Show Boat"
Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
ZIEGFELD THEA. 54th St. & 6th Ave.
Eves. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

S. J. P.'s Ilks

KEEP IT CRISP. By S. J. Perelman. New York: Random House. 1946. 259 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THIS is the standard Perelman product, which is so well known that one might as well review Lydia Pinkham or Camels or Fords (the vehicle, not the radio chap) as this deprecative, wide-eyed vision of American life in its more exhibitionistic phases—radio, movies, advertising, psychiatrists, bubble gum—by a gentleman who is Crazy Like a Fox, as one of his earlier tomes was captioned.

The collection of short articles, dramas, confetti, and smorgasbord begins with the reflections of a Wanamaker employee who is being spied upon by a wax model for men's gabardines, which conceals a fellow with a moving picture camera. Transferred to a rest home he finds conditions no better; there is a suit of armor in the hall which clicks and says "Cut!" at intervals.

"Farewell, My Lovely Appetizer" should interest James Cain, Raymond Chandler, and other historians of the hard-boiled private eye. This mystery —"What tint do they use on red herring?"—is solved by a dick who spends all of his time taking snorts, exercising his heater, pinching blondes, and recovering from hammer blows at the base of the skull. The herring were tinted with grenadine, but the murderess had added oxylbutane - cheriphosphate, which kills instantly—and there is certainly no doubt about that.

Some of the author's other topics are perfume advertisements, scents which drive men to madness, Mr. Anthony, radio scripts in general, movie technical experts, the bathing girl school of advertising, with a richly deserved swipe at the G.I. Joe manner ("When Johnny comes marching home—Gee, Mom—are you going to be poised and serene with Marvella pearls, or just another housewife"?), Tommy Manville, hotel manners, dentists, and other horrid outrages of the same ilk. Perelman would undoubtedly do something, if only to make a moose, at the word ilk.

That is the general idea, and any idea about Perelman's notions is more likely to be general than major—that's the kernel of it.

John Mason Brown is on vacation. Seeing Things will be resumed in the October 5 issue.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center
"One of the best . . . most exciting of the year."
—COOKE, WORLD-TELEGRAM
Cary Grant • Ingrid Bergman
in ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
"NOTORIOUS"
with CLAUDE RAINS
An RKO Radio Picture
•
ON THE GREAT STAGE
"COLORAMA"—Lavish and radiant spectacle . . . produced by Leonidoff, settings by Bruno Maine . . . with the Corps de Ballet, Glee Club, Rockettes and Music Hall Symphony Orchestra directed by Charles Previn.

CARY GRANT • ALEXIS SMITH
NIGHT and DAY
IN TECHNICOLOR!
MONTY WOOLLEY • GINNY SIMMS
JANE WYMAN • EVE ARDEN • CARLOS RAMIREZ
DONALD WOODS and MARY MARTIN
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ • Produced by ARTHUR SCHWARTZ • Dances created and staged by LeROY PRINZ
B'WAY at 51st AIR-CONDITIONED WARNERS' HOLLYWOOD
OPENS 10 30 A M • CONTINUOUS • LATE FILM 11 30 P M.

Paramount Presents
BOB HOPE
JOAN CAULFIELD
in
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE
Produced by Paul Jones
Directed by George Marshall
IN PERSON
Charlie Spivak and Orchestra
Bob Evans • The Arnaut Brothers
EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION
PEGGY LEE
Times Square PARAMOUNT Midnight Feature Nightly

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YOSEMITE FALLS: Total drop, 2370 feet • World's Highest!

Incomparable

Beautiful Yosemite Falls, queen among the world's noble cataracts! In rums, too, *one* is beyond comparison:

MYERS'S RUM

100% Fine Jamaica • 97 Proof

The World's Best is Jamaica Rum!

Jamaica's Best is Myers's Rum!

A supply of free recipe books is available. For your copy, write R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., Inc., Sole Distributor in U.S.A. 57 Laight St., Dept. SR-9 New York 13

SCREEN

NOW! AIR CONDITIONED

The THEATRE GUILD presents

LAURENCE OLIVIER

in William Shakespeare's

"HENRY V"

IN TECHNICOLOR • Released Thru United Artists

PRICES: Evgs (at 8:30) $2.40 $1.80. Mats. daily (at 2:30) $1.80, $1.20

ALL SEATS RESERVED

NOW! GOLDEN THEATRE 252 West 45th St.

STAGE

BROCK PEMBERTON presents THE PULITZER PRIZE PLAY

FRANK FAY in

"HARVEY"

A New Comedy by MARY CHASE

with JOSEPHINE HULL

Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY

48 St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed & Sat. at 2:40

"A smash hit of enormous proportions." —Ward Morehouse, Sun

MAX GORDON presents

Born Yesterday

A New Comedy by GARSON KANIN

LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way CH 4-4256 Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40 Air-Cond.

Listening

THE NETWORKS: MBS

WHAT do you do if you're a bunch of radio stations that want to be a network?

You hire yourself a president, and tell him to get things organized, which is exactly what Mr. Edgar Kobak has been doing at the Mutual Broadcasting System since he became president in 1944.

Now, there had been a network named Mutual for ten years before Mr. Kobak's arrival, but it was a cooperative network, owned and operated by certain member stations for the purpose of exchanging programs and helping each other sell time to national advertisers. It was a network in name only, and it was run like a company picnic—everybody did everything, and there was no hired help.

It had been started in 1934 by four of the country's leading independent stations: WOR in New York, WGN in Chicago, WLW in Cincinnati, and WXYZ in Detroit. By 1943, having democratically let anybody and everybody join it, this simple self-help device had become a cumbersome maze of 213 radio stations, and, like those company picnics which accidentally grow from an outing to a long weekend, it needed a professional cook.

The difference between MBS as it had always been and MBS as it wanted to be was that in the unorganized days, the owner stations financed the operation, making up whatever deficits might arise at the end of the fiscal year, and looking to share whatever profits might accrue from the sale of discounted time over and above the cost of keeping the network strung together. In 1943, the board of directors decided that they could make more money letting the network wag the stations in the manner of CBS, NBC, and ABC, and here's where we came in.

The tasks confronting a man who has just been hired to preside over such a situation include centralizing the program, sales, engineering, news, and promotional activities of the outfit, and building them into a working mechanism which can be sold as an advertising medium.

In the two years since Edgar Kobak came down to Mutual's glittering offices high above New York's garment center, the number of Mutual stations has increased to the astounding figure of 315, and he has finally managed to line up a consistently deliverable national network where before advertisers were either forced into taking a number of one-lung stations that nobody else wanted, or allowed to buy only certain cream stations, leaving the others in considerable of a financial and programmatic breeze.

This successful and rapid formation of a network out of a conglomerous chain of stations is sufficient testimony inside the trade to Mr. Kobak's abilities. He is the least network-president-like of the network presidents, and his particular value to Mutual is that he is not a communications specialist like Dr. Stanton of CBS, or an advertising specialist like NBC's Niles Trammel. He is a business executive who would probably have done as well for a board of directors operating a newspaper or a steamship line. He likes to meet people. He knows his business, and he likes to sell.

Starting as an electrical engineer, he shifted into publication work with McGraw-Hill, working in the circulation, sales, and editorial departments, and, after eighteen years, becoming

SCREEN

NEVER BEFORE SUCH LUXURIOUS...RIOTOUS... LOVING AND LIVING!

G. C. F. presents

VIVIEN LEIGH* • CLAUDE RAINS

in *Bernard Shaw's*

"CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA"

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY *Gabriel Pascal*

*By Arrangement with DAVID O. SELZNICK

NOW ASTOR B'way & 45th St.

POPULAR PRICES

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Edmund Wilson on JOHN DOS PASSOS

TOUR OF DUTY is probably the best thing John Dos Passos has written since he finished "U.S.A." Dos Passos has a subject which gives him a chance to use his skill at continuous narrative as well as his genius for observation. To fly for the first time among the Pacific islands; to see the clash of Jap and Yankee there; to find the extreme developments of modern mechanical technique juxtaposed with the methods of the Stone Age; to watch the rapid, irresistible movement, like the reaching of the tentacles of a plant (the occupation of the little islands), or some sudden chain of crystallization (the immense floating base at Ulithi), of the American extension westward; to arrive at the taking of Manila, where the people were still gasping and bleeding from their mauling by the Japanese and where the Americans, for the first time in the world crisis, were feeling their new strength and stature — all this has revived in Dos Passos the kind of exhilaration that one caught from his early books.

IT is true often of the most vivid reporting that it is at the same time overdramatized and critically superficial. "Tour of Duty" is neither. Never pitched in a high key, it unreels a varied panorama with a readiness of literary expression and a gift for taking in at once all the elements of the passing picture that are amazing in a journalistic survey of the kind that is likely to involve hasty writing and perfunctory description. **Dos Passos' handling, for example, of that new order of sensations and perceptions — the mingled landscapes and skyscapes of flying — seems to me more brilliant than anything else that I have yet seen attempted in this line.** The whole story, in fact, has the merits of the best of Dos Passos' fiction, that of experience lived through by the reader almost without his being aware of the medium of prose that carries it.

WITH all this, Dos Passos has kept always turned on, though never obtrusively and rarely explicitly, an automatic instrument like radar — his sense of social history. The big point made by "Tour of Duty" is that our conduct of the war in the Pacific has been a very remarkable exploit and that our power there has been mainly beneficent, but that in Europe we do not know what we are doing and, between the British and the Russians, have had but little scope for influence of any kind.

At all bookstores, $3.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY PUBLISHERS

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vice-president in charge of sales of all the McGraw-Hill stable of trade publications. Leaving there in 1934, he joined NBC as vice-president in charge of sales. In 1938 he went with one of his own best clients—the advertising agency of Lord & Thomas. He went back to radio though, in 1942, to help set up the Blue Network as a separate organization when it was divorced from NBC and sold. It was from there that he heeded the call to Mutual.

There followed, shortly after Mr. Kobak, a few of NBC's oldest timers, around whom Mutual is slowly arranging itself. Mr. Phillips Carlin, vice-president in charge of programs, had been program manager at NBC when it was both the blue and the red, and then at the Blue Network. He has been in the radio business long enough to be a member of the Twenty Year Club.

The benefit of having been in the radio business for so long is that there are very few old acts that you don't know, or new acts whose success or failure you can't predict.

The major difference between Mutual's program structure and that of the other networks is due to a fundamental difference between Mr. Carlin and the men holding similar positions in those other nets. Unlike Davidson Taylor of CBS, Adrian Samish of ABC, and Clarence Menser of NBC, Phillips Carlin does not attempt to master-mind the entire output of the network. He has always sought to depend on contract producers from that large and vague world known as "free-lance." MBS has as slender as possible a permanent program staff, consisting of only two producers and one editor. The writing chores and directing of the shows are passed around to independents, leaving most of the work around Mutual to be supervisory and corrective in nature, rather than actually creative.

The disadvantage of this system is the lack of consistency in writing styles, which may not be a disadvantage at all. The advantages are obvious—an independent producer normally has only one or two programs to occupy his time, and because they are his sole support, he devotes considerably more thought to them than a staff producer might if the shows were just two of his many chores.

Sitting alongside Mr. Carlin is another vice-president, also concerned with programs, and also an ex-NBC-ite. He is A. A. Schecter, head of Mutual's news and special events. It is in his division that Mutual has most successfully developed a distinctive program pattern of its own.

Abe Schecter has long been regarded by journalists, reporters, and broadcasters alike as one of the most surefooted news-men in the business. Starting as a reporter, he learned the ropes by way of INS and AP, in both of which organizations he was city editor in the New York offices. From the latter he went in 1931, to NBC, and until the war, was the spark plug of their news room and the daemon of much of NBC's excellent world coverage in the days of Munich. Although few people realized it, Americans largely saw the world going to war through Abe's eyes.

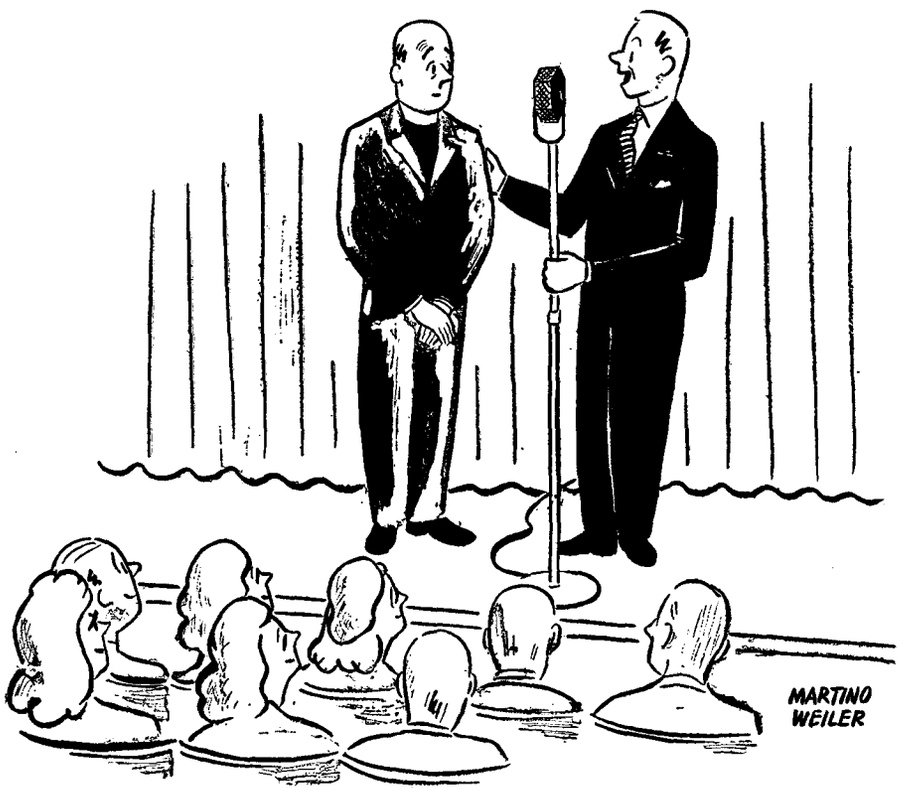
During the war he served on General MacArthur's staff, being host to news-gatherers on the radio ship which accompanied the General back up through the islands.

With the sudden cessation of hostilities a year ago, just when Abe was settling behind his new desk at Mutual, the highly trained war correspondents and military commentators became about as useful as buggy whips in Detroit. Sponsors cancelled them as fast as they could locate their contracts in the files. And yet, listeners had formed the habit for seven years of listening for hot news every hour on the hour, plus a liberal sprinkling of experts through the evening. And listening habits, once formed, are not easily shuffled off.

Mr. Schecter dug into his chore of making peace news as interesting as war news with a vigor rarely seen outside of stock company performances of "The Front Page." He took excellent advantage of the fact that there are two sides to every question by pitting commentators against each other. In an arena where editorial personalities command such intense loyalties that habitual listeners to one analyst rarely know the sound of another's voice, this device provides an exciting and valuable balance of opinion. In addition to this idea, which is found in an increasing number of Mutual news programs, he took to tightening the listenability of straight newscasts by putting everything on the air except the kitchen sink. In the average news roundup, fifteen or twenty items can be expected. This is fine when each item is actually headline material. In Mutual's nightly (10 PM, EST) roundup, as many as ninety items have been heard. In this way the sheer bulk of small things happening to people here and there makes up for the fact that none of them is news of importance.

Some of the neatest programming of all, though, are the tailored special events of which Mr. Schecter is most proud, and justly so. For some odd reason CBS and NBC have a rule against playing transcribed programs down the line, except at odd early-morning times. Mutual has no such rule, and, as in the movies, can prerecord, cut, trim, and edit its shows. They have used this technique successfully on several occasions, the most noteworthy of which were the preliminary reports from Bikini and Winston Churchill's arrival in the United States last winter.

In the first instance, three on-the-spot pickups, a total of nearly fifty



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minutes of staticky and dullish comment, were tailored into a fifteen-minute record. In addition to being able to hear what was being said, listeners who might have missed the earlier pickups were able to get a clear-cut sum-up of Operation Crossroads.

The interview with Mr. Churchill was cut from thirty-five to fifteen minutes. This allowed reporters, knowing that their remarks would be edited, to dig down possible blind alleys for interesting material, a chance they could never have taken if the interview were being simultaneously broadcast. Also, it enabled the editors to cut out the unpredictable bad acoustics and offhand hemming and hawing that clutters up most such interviews.

With the interesting new developments in recording facilities, such as the portable wire recorders, this method of news-gathering can become increasingly interesting and valuable. Like the tabloid cameraman, who takes pictures of everything, everywhere, for later selection and highlighting, radio news reporters will no longer have to depend on staging their news in full dress for broadcast. They can give listeners the news just as it happens, rough and noisy, and trimmed to taste.

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Power Politics

ROYAL TWILIGHT. By John Fitzgay. New York: Roy Publishers. 1946. 317 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

AT first glance this technicolor novel may look like another "Black Rose." Actually it is the work of a diligent historian steeped in the intricacies of seventeenth-century politics—the incipient European struggle for power, at that time involving Hapsburg and Bourbon, England and the Netherlands. The main scene of Mr. Fitzgay's over-rich, swift-moving book is the Spain of the brutal and stupid King Carlos, the most hated and least able of all the hated and incompetent monarchs of that hapless country. He and his court form the focus of a ruthless contest for power and wealth. There is, of course, no end to the palace cabals, the plottings and counter-plottings of the large cast set in motion.

Quite obviously the author has worked hard to find a spot for every last bit of his detailed knowledge in order to create what is known as authentic atmosphere. In addition to endowing the customs and manners of his characters with scores of overwrought particulars, he tries to restore their seventeenth-century speech, and even carries its style into his own narrative. Which is, as is widely known, a rather dangerous thing to do. Presented without any irony, passages such as this merely defeat their own purpose:

> My Lord Sunderland lolled asprawl in his chair, mulberry coat thrown open to display a glory of embroidered under-jacket and frilled shirt, his elaborately-curled wig in one who sat at his ease; yet, notwithstanding such trifling *dishabille*, he remained a very elegant gentleman, worthy of the post he long held as ambassador to France. Handsome in a dark, saturnine way, with thin features which nevertheless contrived something of sensuality, he looked the epitome of all that was clever, corrupt and unprincipled in his generation.

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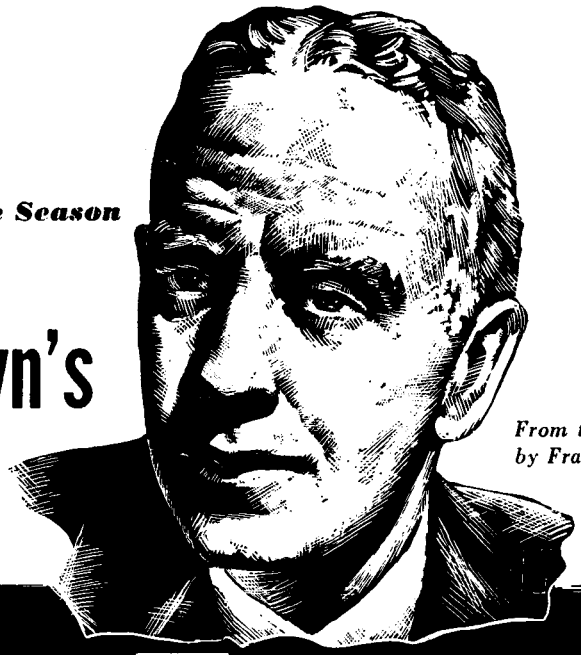

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Paris on the Way Down

YELLOW TAPERS FOR PARIS. By Bruce Marshall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 249 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THIS is a dreadful and beautiful book. Dreadful, even brutal some may think it, because Mr. Marshall is ruthless in his account of the selfishness, corruption, stupidity, and wickedness he believes to have prevailed in Paris in the six years preceding the armistice of 1940. Beautiful, because of the author's passionate belief that the Christian faith still has power to save, and that its strength will yet be known, as a guiding light or a destructive fire, to the men and women who profess the religion which they practise so feebly or so treasonably.

This is not, however, a religious novel in the same sense as "The World, the Flesh and Father Smith" might be described. It is a prophetic book, and only at times saved from the sin of pride because the reader can never suspect the author of trying to clear himself from the doom he presages for his characters. They are a mixed enough company—a butcher, a barkeeper, a harlot, her mother, a blinded ex-soldier from the First World War, a policeman. This chorus of people support the leading character, Bigou, accountant for an engineering firm, his daughter Odette, and the priest, a soldier-chaplain, l'Abbé Pécher.

The meeting-place for the characters, except the priest, is ordinarily Baco's café: Mr. Marshall excels in description of every detail of life in the cafe—his sardonic, pitying eye sees every smear on the bar, every puddle of spilt liquor. He uses, with an effect at times almost maddening, a device of repetition as old as Homer. The same epithets come again and again and bite like acid on the memory, force into the reader's mind a realization of the deadly monotony, the complacent boredom of the purely sensuous life. Between the café scenes portraying the life of the little people, Mr. Marshall has bitter, brief views of life in the "great world"—the world of politicians and nations. This device was, I think, first used very successfully by John dos Passos, and Mr. Marshall is as successful.

The little lives go on. With a certain tender harshness Mr. Marshall gives us the story of the honest, stumbling, striving little Bigou, his wife Marie, who dies early in the story, and of Odette, the child whose simple vanities and pleasures are tainted by the greed and wickedness and cowardice of men she will never see. The most moving and the most terrible scenes in the book concern this father and daughter. The death and funeral of Marie; Odette's first communion; her wedding; the birth of her child in the back room of a roadside gasoline station as she is fleeing from Paris, seven people with baggage in a small four-seater; and finally Bigou's walk back to Paris and near execution as a German parachutist — all these scenes alone would make "Yellow Tapers for Paris" a most memorable novel. I don't know when the book was written or first published in England; the yellow tapers are, I suppose, the candles of brown, unbleached wax put around the bier at a requiem. Mr. Marshall knows now that the coffin on the bier was only a catafalque. Paris was not dead, but alive, underground, working for her liberty.

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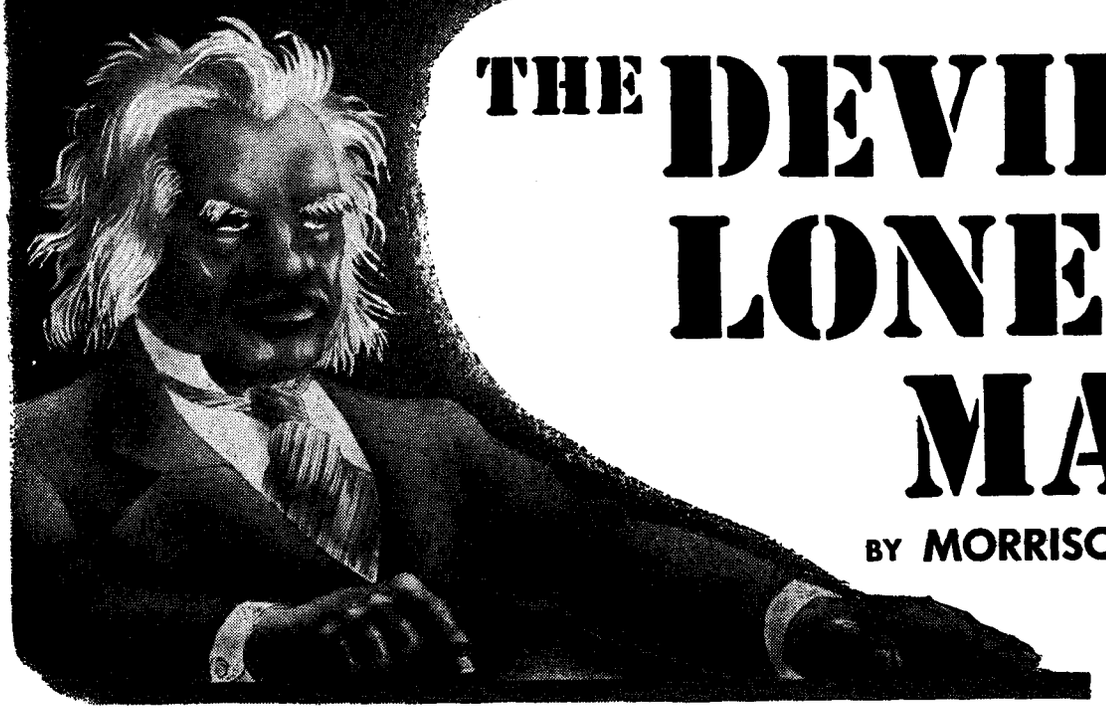

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It Isn't Done with Mirrors

NIGHTMARE ALLEY. By William Lindsay Gresham. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1946. 275 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK K. KELLY

WE ARE all vulnerable to one form of magic or another, especially now when the triumph of our science over the very essence of matter has aroused in us a terrible fear, and driven into us the lesson that things we cannot see may dominate our lives. Magicians and sorcerers have held great power in all ages, using different techniques in different times, and ours is an age in which we have witnessed the rise of masters who could throw willing nations into states of trance.

In the present novel Mr. Gresham has torn apart the gaudy veils covering the tricks of phony "mentalists," fortune-tellers, astrologers, fake mediums and their ilk and has spread before us with a detachment at times a little too remote his thorough knowledge of how the tricks are worked and why the suckers fall. Calm, sensible people who smile at the advertisements of astrologers in their daily newspapers, reading his swift and chilling narrative, carried along by the jetting force of an unusual story in a lurid milieu and set on edge by the bitter sharpness of his perception, may at first nod wisely to themselves and say: "Of course, this is the way it goes, and what a pity, what a shame—but these things do go on, and the ignorant keep falling." And then, if they consider the meaning of the book on another level, if they are honest with themselves, they will admit that the pressure of guilt might make them figures in a nightmare, victims of a violent defeat, as most of Mr. Gresham's people are.

Before he begins his novel, Mr. Gresham quotes the passage from T. S. Eliot's "The Wasteland" concerning Madame Sosostris, the famous clairvoyante, who was "known to be the wisest woman in Europe, with a wicked pack of cards." He uses a wicked pack of cards—the Tarot, the ancient deck used by fortune-tellers —as sources for his chapter headings and as commentaries on the events which carry Stanton Carlisle, his central character, to a queer destiny. He also quotes from "The Satyricon" these words: "For at Cumae I saw with my own eyes the Sibyl hanging in a bottle. And when the boys asked her, 'What do you want, Sibyl?' she answered, 'I want to die.'"

After he stumbled upon his mother in an act of adulterous love with his father's best friend, Stanton Carlisle had a strong urge to die but he did not realize what the urge was. He felt that he had taken upon himself part of his mother's guilt, when he accepted from her a box of magician's equipment as a reward for deceiving his father and covering up her affair. His sense of guilt and horror was reinforced when his mother finally abandoned the family and his father in a fit of anger beat his beloved dog to death. He also ran away, carrying with him a bottled, buried memory of shock and destruction.

In a carnival he found a home. He became adept as a professional magician; he tried to make love to Zeena, the "mind reader," and finally succeeded after getting rid of her drunken husband, Pete, by giving Pete a bottle of wood alcohol. Then he developed a lust for Molly, a girl who made a living by appearing in a scanty costume before the carnival crowds but clung to her virginity and her remembrance of her gay father, who had protected her from all suitors.

Molly fell in love with him when he saved the carnival from a raid by sheriff's deputies in a Puritan-minded town of the deep South. The scene in which he turns the chief deputy's religious obsession into a tool for controlling the man's mind marks one of the high points of the book. Here Mr. Gresham achieves a fine quality of style which is lacking in other sections, and he convinces the reader that Carlisle does have a rare ability to interpret the subtle signs which betray the deepest nature of a man's mind to the alert psychological observer.

In fact, one of the most curious aspects of the entire book is that Mr. Gresham tells in elaborate detail how the shoddy tricks of mental magic and spiritualism are performed, and yet he leaves a residue of uneasiness even when he dispels the illusions, because he creates the feeling that persons who become skilled in such esoteric lines are really rare and strange. Such people are often cynics and deceivers, as Stanton Carlisle certainly is, and yet they are wizards of psychological power, able to influence the unconscious selves of others without realizing scientifically what they are doing.

Stanton Carlisle rises to success with the aid of Molly, and brutally presses her from degradation to degradation after he meets a stronger magician than he is—Lilith Ritter, who uses her conscious knowledge of psychology to make him utterly helpless and dependent upon her. With Lilith, Carlisle climbs high, and then partly because of her and partly because of the urge to self-destruction hanging bottled within him, he stumbles just before he reaches the pinnacle of his ambitions and he plunges down. His eventual fate hits the reader with overwhelming power.

Joseph Conrad once declared that the task of the writer was "before all, to make you see." In this sense Mr. Gresham has undeniably succeeded. If you read this book, you will carry a vision of what happens to Stanton Carlisle with you for a long time.

Late Knowledge

By Marguerite Janvrin Adams

THIS bitter knowledge is brief part of me:
this taste that lies like aloes on the tongue;
for there have always been ecstatic, free
words to be sung.

This is no season for an old regretting:
fragrance is in the fields, bunch-berries lie
close against earth, stars ride the astral setting
of windy sky.

So the mind closes tight within, is shutting
the world outside, with tides that meet the shore;
this bitter knowledge has a blade more cutting
than ever before.

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Irwin Shaw's Wartime Stories

ACT OF FAITH AND OTHER STORIES. By Irwin Shaw. New York: Random House. 1946. 212 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THESE are chiefly stories of the war, and military adventures of the peace, told in Mr. Shaw's clean, economical, and skilful fashion. The author's plots are plots of mood and emotion, a hint and a gesture, rather than action, but there isn't a story in the book whose mild climax does not leave the reader satisfied.

The two best stories to my mind—but they are sufficiently exemplary—are "Faith at Sea" and the title story, "Act of Faith." The first of these appeared in some magazine, probably *The New Yorker*, several months ago but this reviewer found as much pleasure in a second reading as he did in the first.

"Faith At Sea" is the simplest stuff in the world—that is, the most difficult to write—and Mr. Shaw has done this one perfectly; it should go into the textbooks. There is a young lieutenant in charge of a gun crew on a freighter which has lost its convoy. One of the crew has a violent attack of acute appendicitis.

The freighter captain says simply, "That son-of-a-bitch'll die," but he does remember that somebody once left a medical book on the boat and produces an ancient, ragged volume, which he bets has appendicitis in it. Once the lietenant begins to study this book, the sick man's Italian buddy is quite certain that everything will be fine, in the hands of his lieutenant.

The lieutenant operates successfully and Constantini watches over his buddy till morning shows that the patient will recover. (I am still wondering how the officer learned to take surgical stitches, but that is a small objection.)

"Act of Faith" is about a young Jew ready to start out on a leave to Paris with some of his friends. The question is money—the paymaster hasn't caught up with this particular outfit for months, and the captain himself can lend the little band of tourists only four of his eight dollars. Seeger, the Jew, has a Luger taken from a German SS major whom he had shot during the war, and he has a standing offer of sixty-five dollars for this from a staff captain.

He also has a letter from his father, at home, who tells him that his battle-shocked brother is taking cover all over the house because he expects American mobs to kill all the Jews. Seeger figures that if this is a possibility he will have a use for the Luger—he does not intend to scream and pray like the European Jews.

At the same time, he remembers that his insolvent buddies have saved his life and he has saved theirs on various occasions, so he asks two of them, "What do you think of Jews?"

"Jews?" Olson said. "What're they? . . . I'm an uneducated fellow."

"Sorry, Bud. . . . Ask us another question. Maybe we'll do better."

So Seeger sells the gun. "What could I use it for in America?"

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Hard Times in Iowa

ACRES OF ANTAEUS. By Paul Corey. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1946. 388 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by PAUL B. SEARS

A GREAT many people who read books will not understand at once that the title "Acres of Antaeus" is based upon classical mythology rather than upon agronomy or horticulture. Those to whom this is instantly clear are likely to be fond of more subtle writing than they will find. They may make the mistake, after reading a few pages of the harsh, almost naive style, of giving up. If so, they will miss a graphic view of the Depression Era which settled like a witch's spell upon the fat lands of Iowa, creating poverty, injustice, and frustration in the midst of plenty.

Paul Corey knows the people and the country of which he writes. He also understands the economic and technological forces which impinge upon men and landscape. The dynamics of Midwestern culture, now under such powerful strains, are also clear to him. In the album of anyone who has lived in the prairie states there will be found the counterparts of the characters used to develop the story. Even the dialogue rings true. But the effect is sketchy, and the reviewer finds himself thinking of the firm strokes with which Rebecca West has revealed the story of the Yugoslav farmers and their land.

The central figure in the book is typical—a husky, forceful, honest lad who has studied agriculture at the state college. Obliged to quit in midcourse, he emerges into a world of unemployment and frantic competition for jobs that seems incredible to us in 1946, but which actually existed in the 1930's. He gravitates into a foremanship with one of the great farming corporations which fattened on foreclosed mortgages and slave-driving until rebellion stopped them.

His wife is a country girl, sensitive enough morally to dislike the whole business in which he is involved in spite of the relative comfort and security which it promises. She wants him to get on a farm of his own where she can share the labor and the hazards. Under the circumstances this is not an easy order. For his part the young foreman, Jim Buckly, knows that a job is a job. In a muddled way he senses that a large industrial organization might supply a new kind of intelligent, scientific management for which the land is more than ready.

This contretemps between husband and wife, then, is the thread of the novel—homely enough, but impressive and interesting enough, too. If the reader will do his share as he proceeds and make some effort to read between and behind the lines, he will be rewarded. Both of the leading characters are good people, confused by the limitations of their past experience, and more so by the confusion about them.

Within the corporation is a picture of intrigue and counterplot that is realistic, if not edifying. The secondary romance of young Charley Turk, lovable, talkative, and game as a rooster, is good reading. The resolution of these problems, of the struggle of debt-ridden farmers to hold their lands, and of the personal difficulties of the chief characters comes about with a punch that will certainly commend itself to the gentlemen who engineer the production of moving pictures.

THE

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Boom Days

THE MAGNATE. By John Harriman. New York: Random House. 1946. 448 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

JOHN HARRIMAN'S third novel is about a young man who tried to fit himself into the pattern his father had created for him by leaving him eight hundred thousand shares of stock in a vast utilities holding company. John Holden thus became an electric light and power magnate in the bad old days that culminated in the collapse of the stock market in 1929 and the start of the long depression. At the very beginning he showed that he did not have the conscienceless force to keep on with the game of pyramiding one power plant on top of another which had created a financial empire by the legerdemain of stock control and fancy bookkeeping. For Paul backed out of his engagement with a wealthy Boston girl and married a Polish dancer. Later, he was involved in an unwise effort to interest his father's company in financing a vast German power plant and a canal between the Rhine and the Volga. When he inherited his father's wealth, the wolves young and old gathered around him and began their complicated bickering for influence and power. In the end he sold out and found himself with a meager but secure four thousand a year and a wife who loved him and who was capable of making a fortune for both of them on the stage.

Of all of the many characters Mr. Harriman has created in this story of frenzied finance, Paul and his wife Leah are the only ones who reach happiness. The tough older men are too case-hardened to know contentment or love. The eager young men are out for wealth and influence and find nothing but satiety and loneliness. Their wives and mistresses leave them, or are left by them. Only one of these vicious satellites is fully realized in the novel, a young man who marries his mistress, and who, after acquiring the veneer of a predatory capitalist and four millions in foreign gold, has no friend left in the world. He escapes to Europe as the towers of Wall Street come tumbling down.

On the surface a novel with so many unsympathetic characters and a plot weighed down with the machinery of financing a vast utilities combine might seem too forbidding, but Mr. Harriman is able to bring these creatures to life and to give their dubious quest for wealth a compelling fascination.

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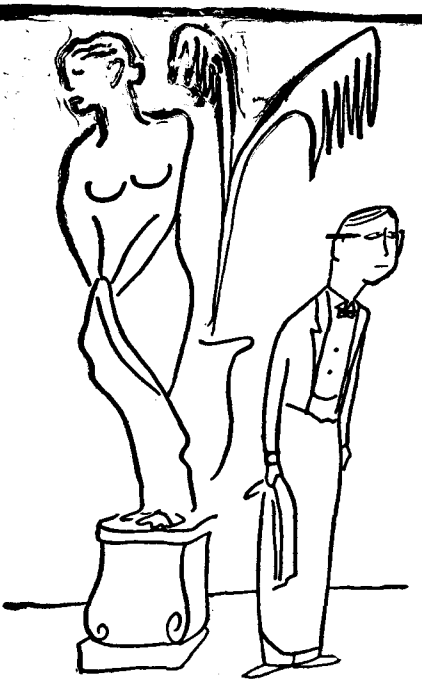

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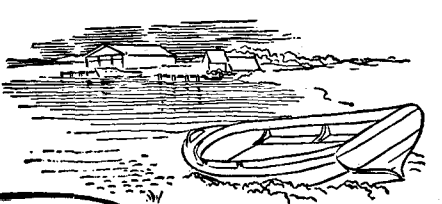

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Flesh-Creeper

MAD WITH MUCH HEART. By Gerald Butler. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1946 244 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

GERALD BUTLER has written a horrifying novel. An outline of the story will verify that. It opens during a cold and quiet night in the English countryside, a few hours after the brutal murder of a little girl. The men of the neighborhood have been tramping the nearby forest, guns at the ready, searching for the obviously demented pervert who committed the crime.

Then the horror builds, and, mainly, the plot concerns the chase, the angry farmers, the detective from Scotland Yard, and, surprisingly, the murderer himself, a simple, well-meaning mad man who only wanted to caress the child. There is one brilliantly macabre scene when one of a group of school girls runs ahead of her classmates and is caught by the maniac. There is a scream in the cold morning air, and only the most unemotional, hardest-hearted reader could avoid holding his breath.

Suddenly we are in another atmosphere. The London detective and the farmer whose daughter escaped death and who, for himself, wants only a bloody revenge come to the half-hidden, snowbound cottage of a beautiful blind girl who is, it develops, the mad man's sister.

Naturally, the detective falls in love with the girl, and, of course, he tries to see justice done, but it goes without saying that he tries to keep from the farmer his terrible knowledge that the murderer is nearby. It would be unfair and foolish to go on from there, except possibly to say that, as must be in all melodramas, there is a happy ending, and justice is satisfied with a minimum of pain.

This bare and sketchy outline of the plot cannot capture the breathless black magic Mr. Butler has breathed into his spare prose, any more than a summary of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Pit and the Pendulum" could let the reader know what a magnificent and frightening few minutes he would forever miss unless he read that classic short story for himself.

And there is a tenderness in Mr. Butler's story that Poe never had, although he had greatness, which Butler does not. "Mad with Much Heart" has no villain; you cannot hate a man who, like Lenny in Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men," does not want to kill, only wants to touch, to show his love, and you cannot really dislike a farmer who, because of bitter experience, distrusts the slow process of the judiciary and is convinced that only by himself pulling a trigger and killing a man can a child's death be avenged. Nor can you dislike a blind girl who wants to protect a simple brother, or a detective who errs on the side of love.

Some readers may find a few of the incidents a little unbelievable, may discover that the credulity of the reader is strained occasionally, but who cares? Mr. Butler has not attempted to write a book with any real literary merit, although his novel has some. He sat down to tell a good, blood-curdling story, the kind one would tell of an evening, before a fireplace, when conversation about the atomic bomb and the state of world affairs seems out of place. "Mad with Much Heart" is heartily recommended for all those who like almost every movie ever directed by Alfred Hitchcock and who unashamedly have cold chills when they listen, in the proper atmosphere, to "Lights Out" on the radio.

Writing in prison in 1941, France's Socialist ex-premier put down his statement of democratic faith for a new generation. Here, unchanged, are those amazingly prophetic words—a shrewd analysis of French politics and a democratic program which must affect the world's future. "This is a high-minded book . . . and it comes like a breath of fresh air."

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LEON BLUM'S

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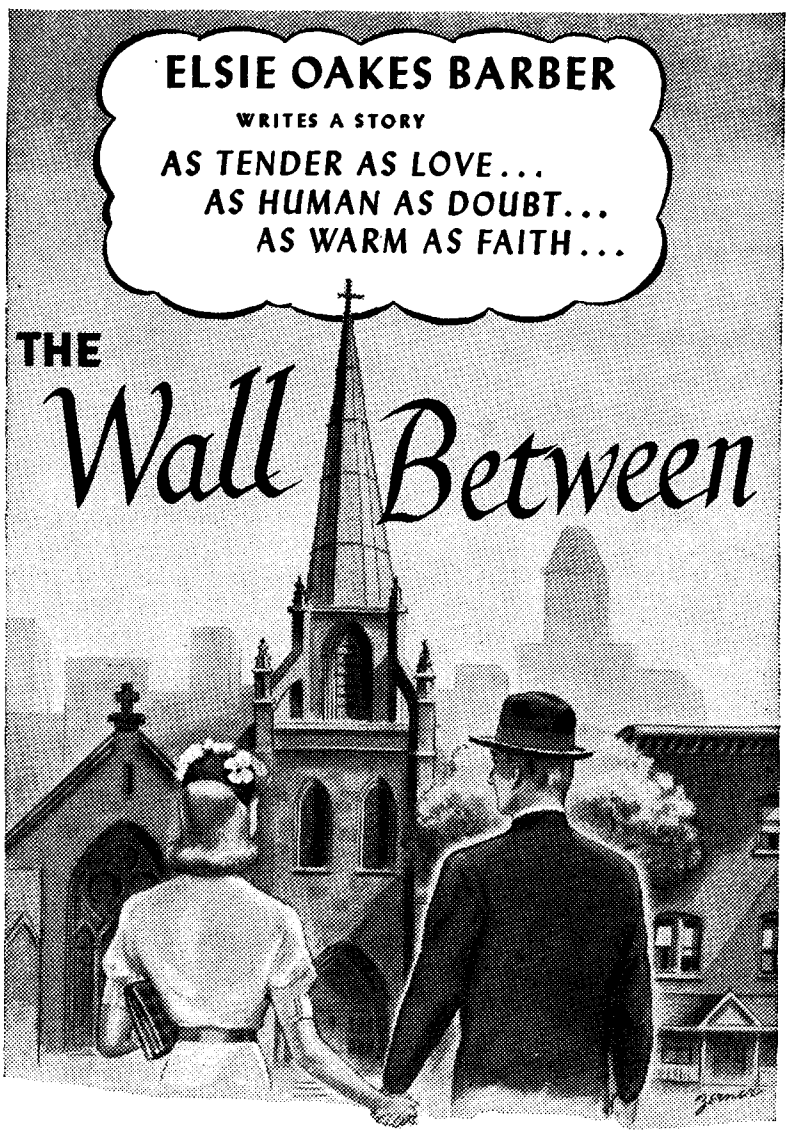
LOWELLS, INC.

(Continued from page 6)

could be salvaged, earning an honest commission; and when His Majesty's ships were towed as prizes into Massachusetts ports there were other commissions to be earned, just as honest and quite as satisfactory. The Prize Courts of 1812 made Lowell business still brisker, while the forced sale of prime Tory real estate added a very substantial contribution to the family exchequer. But it was British genius which gave real amplitude to Lowell fortunes. The inventions of Hargraves, Arkwright, and Crompton ushered in the industrial age. Such secrets were closely guarded, and it took the intelligence of Francis Cabot Lowell to divine them by systematic strolls through English factories, memorizing each operation as he walked. His was an astonishing performance. Transferring his notes to paper and integrating the processes they represented, he brought back comprehensive designs for the manufacture of cotton cloth and metamorphosed a handicraft into an industry. It was owing primarily to Lowell brains and Lowell practicality that the Merrimack River owes its world primacy in the turning of spindles.

One would suppose the Civil War sufficient to upset the equanimity of any American family, but as public passion rose, with two out of three main branches of the Lowell family it was pretty much business as usual —business with no callousness about it, and with nothing heroic. The exaltation of quixotism is as far beyond traditional Lowell temperament as the degradation of self-seeking is beneath it. But in the third and youngest branch of the family came sudden illumination of an incandescent order. God knows whether it was in the blood or whether the epic of the American story kindled it, but the sedentary scholar and poet, living in the ancestral comfort of Elmwood, took on the mantle of a minor prophet. Hosea Biglow's corrosive satires seared the American conscience. His Yankee dialect as James Russell Lowell interpreted it bit its way into minds which hated to be disturbed. The crime of the Mexican War; the fraternal butchery of the conflict between the states; slavery, vicious root of evil—Hosea Biglow's voice carried where Garrison's was too raucous to persuade. "God'll send the bill to you," Hosea told the people, and they knew it was God's truth he was speaking.

But example is the school of mankind, teaching something beyond the poet's precept. It was Hosea's nephew, Charles Russell Lowell, who wrote his poetry in blood. He is the Beau Sabreur of Mr. Greenslet's stirring chapter. In American history there is no nobler record than that of Charles Lowell, riding at the head of his deathless cavalry. Every quality of the leader was his. "Had he lived," exclaimed Sheridan, "it is my firm belief he would have commanded all my cavalry and would have done better with it than I." And all that Sheridan was not, he was. Delicate, handsome, tender, dedicated, he was



Christy adored her handsome young husband, the Reverend Mark Gardner. She was disappointed in their first home, an ugly parsonage at the edge of city slums, for she was used to better things. But, for Mark's sake, she plunged into church work, in spite of her inexperience. She taught a Sunday School class of rowdy boys, she reviewed mission books for the ladies, she staged the Christmas pageant, she worked on a housing committee. And finally she discovered she was doing it, not for love of Mark alone, but also for love of humanity. But even then, she felt that there was still a wall between her and her husband. And the wall between was—God! How the barrier finally disappeared is the climax of THE WALL BETWEEN—a warm and human story, crowded with events—a moving story which sounds a note of courage and faith particularly welcome today.

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the glorious embodiment of duty. Abraham Lincoln was signing his commission as brigadier general at the very moment when Charles Lowell led his last charge at Cedar Creek to die at twenty-nine.

Example becomes tradition, and tradition lives. Charles Russell Lowell's I have felt in full force, for throughout my youth I knew his widow, his counterpart of all that is best in human nature. Look at the bas-relief St. Gaudens made of her, the beautiful delineation of the spirit within. What is excellent, as God lives, is permanent.

No family is all of one piece inside and out. And amongst the half dozen Lowells I have known most fa-

miliarly, although the characteristic traits remained dominant, one welcomed minor concessions to the foibles of human nature. Percival, the astronomer, whose shining talent produced what aside from the work of his great uncle James is the single literary masterpiece of the family, was a man whose temper was unsubdued to the Lowell code of manners. One day as he was leaving the Somerset Club an appealing beggar shuffled up to him. "Will you be so kind," whimpered the old man in the insinuating tone of the professional mendicant, "as to give me the price of a bed? It is just a quarter." Lowell made a rough gesture of refusal. The tramp took a few steps, turned, and with elaborate courtesy raised his cap. "May I then," he said, "have your permission to sleep —in Boston?" Miss Amy Lowell too had her bristly side. I loved her well and delighted in the hurly-burly of her uninhibited conversation, but I can recall my choler rising at the virulence of her invective over the telephone. "Amy," I recollect saying, "you know my affection for you, but say that again or *anything like it* and I'll cut you off. You shall have the last word ever spoken between us." It was easy to be angry at her, too, when you cooled your heels with the other guests while she kept you waiting for a full half hour before vouchsafing to appear at her own dinner table. But when trouble came she was your friend, and during long evenings over longer cigars her victorious and despotic talk cried aloud for a Boswell. She was a formidable postscript for a family which regarded itself as complete without her, and the President of Harvard College never smiled when I dared say to him: "I see you have come to be recognized as your sister's brother."

There has always been, too, about the Lowells an underlying consciousness of the importance of money. "It worries me," Lawrence would say to a friend, "that no Lowell nowadays is making money." But Mr. Greenslet, who writes of the family with judicious appreciation, is I think scarcely fair to Lawrence Lowell when he ascribes his decision in the Sacco case to inherited prejudice. I have personal reason to know that when the Sacco Commission was appointed Mr. Lowell's mind was wide open, and that the argument which convinced him lay in the physical evidence introduced, at President Stratton's instance, by an expert on ballistics.

Amongst the multitudinous Lowells Mr. Greenslet walks with a secure step. He knows his Boston. Fanueil Hall is to him not Fan-you-well but Funnel, and he writes not as a genealogist, but as a discriminating historian. His book marks Resurrection Day for ten generations of the family. The quaint old patriarchs, the solid men of Boston, the quickeners of the generation which has just passed all come to life under his expert handling. So individual are their portraits you would not realize that nine John Lowells are completely disentangled. Jacksons, Cabots, and Higginsons fall into a clear and Bostonian pattern. And every hater of clichés will love Mr. Greenslet the better for never quoting the wearisome distich of John Collins Bossidy, who knew little of the Lowells' talk with the Cabots and less of the Cabots' talk with God.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
STRAVINSKY, FOUR NORWEGIAN MOODS. (1942). Stravinsky, N. Y. Philharmonic. Columbia 12371-D (1)....$1	Somewhat tubby on large machine; better turn up the highs. Will be OK on table models.	A	*(See below)* A major bit of minor Stravinsky, conducted by composer. Based on Norwegian folk song; overtones of Grieg as well as Petrouchka.
LADY BE GOOD. Supv. Norman Granz. L. Young, W. Smith, H. McGhee, Al Killian, etc. Disc 2005 (1).....$1.25	Heavily recorded; often harsh. Very little "gain riding". Solo instruments sound ultra-close.	A—	More "Jazz at the Philharmonic" (*SRL* May 25). Series of solo improvisations on Gershwin tune, plus applause.

STRAVINSKY

EVERY so often these years Igor Stravinsky descends upon one of our various musical centers to conduct the local orchestra in an all-Stravinsky program. There is seldom much excitement. Inevitably, "Petrouchka" or the "Fire Bird" appears—sops, though good ones. There is usually something from the Dry Era (in two senses), the piano concerto or the capriccio, possibly the "Symphony of Psalms" or the Octet. One or two short numbers follow, whose importance is minimized. And regularly there is a brand-new work of major proportions. Through most of this audiences sit politely apathetic, turning hastily from the embarrassment of the new music to more familiar thoughts of "Fire Bird" or the dancing Moor and the ballerina in "Petrouchka." Only the critics, official and not, line up in familiar attitudes. Many go through the annual creaking lament over the drying-up of genius after the glory that was "Fire Bird." An opposite group who gorge on dissonance cringe at a touch of romance or a C major chord and idolize the "Histoire du Soldat" of 1918. A sprinkling of jazzists find in the persistent Stravinsky wind rhythms an honest reflection of the forces that led jazz in a similar direction. (Note the recent Stravinsky - Woody Herman "Ebony Concerto.")

But through all this the imperturbable Stravinsky conducts and composes his way with perfect good nature, and it seems with a touch of musical tail twisting, for intentionally or not, he continues to tie critics and scholars into knots of helpless contradiction—not by verbal counterattack and innuendo, but simply in the natural process of his composition. Imagine the confusion when after the great era of dissonance, Stravinsky casually produced the symphony in C major. We are still gulping that one down. In recent years he has quietly restored other superficial attributes of "old-fashioned" music—the while tardy critics still flail him as of 1925: the full scale orchestra, plenty of plain diatonic melody, and a good measure of unadulterated romance. He has balled up the dissonant cult by mixing his with a type of almost sixteenth century pure consonance. Recently, and I am sure with the greatest pleasure, Stravinsky pulled the last indignity by casually rewriting from beginning to end the standard repertory versions of both "Fire Bird" and "Petrouchka."

Yet Stravinsky himself moves onward serenely confident that the work of today will logically cap that of yesterday. New symphonies and other major works appear quietly under his baton, and as quietly disappear, or so it seems. Yet with scant doubt these little known, faintly embarrassing creations will rank with or ahead of the easy familiar works; perhaps they are today's greatest.

The "Four Norwegian Moods" (written in Hollywood) are typical units in the constant, unobtrusive flow of new Stravinsky. There's jazz in the bumptious wind instruments here and plenty of dissonance and dryness in the modern manner; but there are also folk songs, and romantic nostalgia, faintly Grieg-like; and the familiar lumpy, grunt-like rhythms, the tantalizing bits of beer-hall melody, outwardly crude, inwardly ingenious. This is important, representative minor music, enormously skilful, subtle, and concentrated. It grows on re-hearing.

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the Phoenix Nest

THE OLD MAN SAID

One flick
of pure Apollo's ichor,
how fierce, how quick,
at match-spurt from my inky finger,
these MSS would flare skyhigh
and make a lovely flame.
Why not? said I.

An old man happened to pass by,
a man who should have died
ages ago and not lived to agree
with my destructive mood and me.

Burn them, he grinned and said.
Don't claw the air.
Who'll know—or knowing, care?
The stars will sweep,
no one will weep.
New wars will wring the world,
a new cliché; a dead flower in a glass;
tout lasse; tout casse; tout passe.

I only needed that old man's approval,
(the essence of the rude
being to egg on a defeatist mood)
and I whirled back to fruitfulness diluvial.

Into the cowpen with you,
thus I replied;
You anamorphosis, you Scythian cuspidor.
Get out, don't dare to linger.
Already burns my inky finger
to toss off, paw and polish over
a hundred more
divine dreams and defiances,
the immortal wanderer and lover.

BRIDGET DRYDEN.

* * *

David Randall of the Scribner Book Store writes me:

> In the current *Saturday Review* someone says that "Some light on Harris Merton Lyon would be welcome."
>
> There is an account of that extraordinary writer in Theodore Dreiser's "Twelve Men," where he figures as "De Maupassant, Junior" (he worked for Dreiser on the *Broadway Magazine*, later *Hampton's Magazine*) and there is also, if memory does not fail me (the book is not at hand for checking), an account of him in Vincent Starrett's "Buried Caesars."

Yes, and William Marion Reedy, of the remarkable St. Louis *Mirror*, published at least one of Lyon's two books of stories.

* * *

Out of the past, Porter Garnett, master of design, of California, and now living at Calistoga, sends me this egg:

> The language used by modern realists is lousy,
> Their epithets are low, the words that they command rough,
> Their plots are sordid, settings squalid, people frowzy.
> They make me sick and get into my hair like dandruff.

* * *

In July Francis B. Keene's "Wild Wanderings" was printed in the Nest. Now, summer being over, I cannot print but wish to acknowledge the poem Starr Nelson has called to my attention on "The Lovely Rivers and Lakes of Maine" (full of Maine names) by George B. Wallis, and a poem by Imogen B. Clarke called "Not a Maine Issue." Mrs. Clarke has a summer place in Skowhegan, though both she and her husband are natives of the District of Columbia. She knows the region through Maryland and Virginia well, and *her* poem celebrates Chuckatuck, Accomac, Chincoteague, Washaprague, Oppoquon, etc., etc. From the Smithsonian Institution in Washington comes the following letter about Keene himself, from Paul H. Oehser:

> I was pleased to see Francis B. Keene's "Wild Wanderings" in The Phoenix Nest, but evidently you did not know that you were printing his verses posthumously. He died over a year ago now, on May 23, 1945, at the age of 89—a rather revealing fact perhaps with respect to the Nest's present currency. However, you may be interested in a few Keeneana, even at this late date, for he really was "quite a guy."
>
> Born in Milwaukee, Keene was graduated from Harvard in the same class (1880) with Theodore Roosevelt. Returning to Wisconsin, he engaged in journalism and served in the state legislature. In 1903 President Roosevelt appointed him consul in Florence, where he served until 1905, when he was appointed consul in Geneva. Subsequently he was consul-general in Zurich (1915-17) and in Rome from 1917 until he retired for age in 1924. He stayed on in Rome until the outbreak of World War II, returning to the United States in June 1942, on the diplomatic exchange ship *Drottningholm*. From then until his death he lived with his daughter in Washington, but he liked to hang out at the Cosmos Club, where several kindred spirits dwelt and I used to see him frequently. He was full of fun, and even though approaching 90, he was no less the *bon vivant*. He enjoyed reminiscing about his years of travel and his experiences in the foreign service and had a vivid memory. He was an alert and ready conversationalist, something of a raconteur, and that kind of a poet who doesn't take himself too seriously.
>
> I knew Keene only casually, but I remember the last time I saw him perform. It was on March 21, 1945, at a little dinner at the Cosmos Club celebrating the 89th birthday of Dr. A. K. Fisher, the distinguished biologist. Keene and Fisher were about the same age and were the oldest and liveliest men present; I am sure no one had a better time than they did. Keene was called upon by Toastmaster Gifford for a toast, and he responded with some delightful light verses he had written for the occasion. I shall always remember how wonderfully pleased he seemed with his well-turned rhymes (they were really witty) and with their responsive reception. When I heard, two months later, that he had died after a very brief illness, I thought of those final verses from Ogden Nash's "Hard Lines":
>
> People expect old men to die,
> They do not really mourn old men.
> Old men are different. People look
> At them with eyes that wonder when . . .
> People watch them with unshocked eyes . . .
> But the old men know when an old man dies.
>
> So I am glad you reprinted Keene's jawbreaker poem. If he had lived, it would have delighted his nonagenarian heart, and probably have shown it to Dr. Fisher and said, "Looky here, young one, there's life in the old man yet!"

* * *

No ad intended,
Mundane transcended.

My baby leaks at both ends,
I shall not last the night,
But ah, my foes, and oh my friends,
Thank God for Diaperwite!

JO TAYLOR HARRISON.

* * *

With that I will sign off for today.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEADLY INTENT *Anne Rowe* (Mill: $2.)	Wealthy Maine spinster sees two female acquaintances murdered in Manhattan and assists sleuth Barry in catching killer.	Conglomeration of plutocrats, their hangers-on, and acidulous but agreeable Miss Farwell career through defenestration, poisoning, and similar misdeeds.	Middlin'
R FOR MURDER *Jane Layhew* (Lippincott: $2.)	Vancouver nurse and her ex-cop chemist fiance happily solve strangling and other criminal doings.	Plight of accident-patient's daughter starts nurse Thompson and "irrepressible" Larry on manhunt that pleasantly mixes crime and chuckles.	Adequate
A DILEMMA OF DAX *Marten Cumberland* (Crime Club: $2.)	French savant's wife's fragmentary remains found in villa cellar. Commissaire Dax investigates. Then she turns up—alive. He investigates some more.	Background, "atmosphere", detecting and people are well done. But it *drags* so terribly.	Not for the fidgety
DANGEROUS LEGACY *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.)	Ex-flier goes back to Manila with Filipino pal, sees him—and others—die and untangles devious plot.	Forthright, hard-hitting tale of post-war life, intrigues, and romance in Philippines—with mystery that doesn't crack till last pages.	Grade A—of its kind
THE BRIGHT FACE OF DANGER *Julius Fast* (Rinehart: $2.)	Girl technician in Boston hospital can't decide whether or not she stuck laparotomy knife in nurse. She flees and flees.	She keeps on fleeing until ex G. I. and nice cop straighten her out, and rather easily guessable killer is revealed.	Nice going
THE LAST STRAW *Ione Sandberg Shriber* (Rinehart: $2.)	Ailing husband of harassed wife (second) dies of heart attack as spouse gets tangled in auto fatality. Detective Grady officiates.	One of those well-bred but venomous family affairs. Unobtrusive detective—along with chief suspect—finally corners tragic killer.	Acceptable
DEAD TO RIGHTS *Dennis Allan* (M. S. Mill: $2.)	Pretty girl guest at Gramercy Park home of newspaper owner's widow encounters assault and murder, grandiloquently solved by Blaise de Brincourt.	Begins well enough but soon explodes into chaotic hash of hoary mystery-yarn clichés. Debonair, lady-chasing European sleuth complete dope.	Oh-my!
POISON, POKER AND PISTOLS *Elisabet M. Stone* (Sheridan House: $2.)	Fashionable — and don-juanish—New Orleans doctor found inexplicably dead. Maggie Slone, dauntless gal reporter, sleuths rings around Detective Beton.	Brash and lurid dialogue, lots of turbulent action, and many incredibly believable people take curse off rather silly solution.	Fair
THIS DEADLY DARK *Lee Wilson* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50.)	San Francisco reporter following hot tip on murder story has eyes gouged out. With help of girl-photographer he gets his revenge.	Don't let tragic beginning scare you off. Here's sightless sleuthing worthy of Carrados, in colorful and pungent coast-city setting.	Grim—and good
NOTHING BUT MURDER *William Roughead* (Sheridan House: $2.75.)	Scottish master of "crimonous study" selects twelve of his "earlier essays" on variety of crimes.	With couple of exceptions—and this is both heresy and the unpardonable sin—much of this book is deadly dull.	Sorry!
TROUBLE FOLLOWS ME *Kenneth Millar* (Dodd Mead: $2.)	Three bodies in three weeks — in Hololulu, Detroit and on trans-continental train—lead Ensign Drake to still more corpses.	Naval officer takes terrific punishment, physical and mental, to break up espionage ring—with an extra powerful punch at end.	Very grim spy-stuff

PERSONALS

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(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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PERSONALS

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 652

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

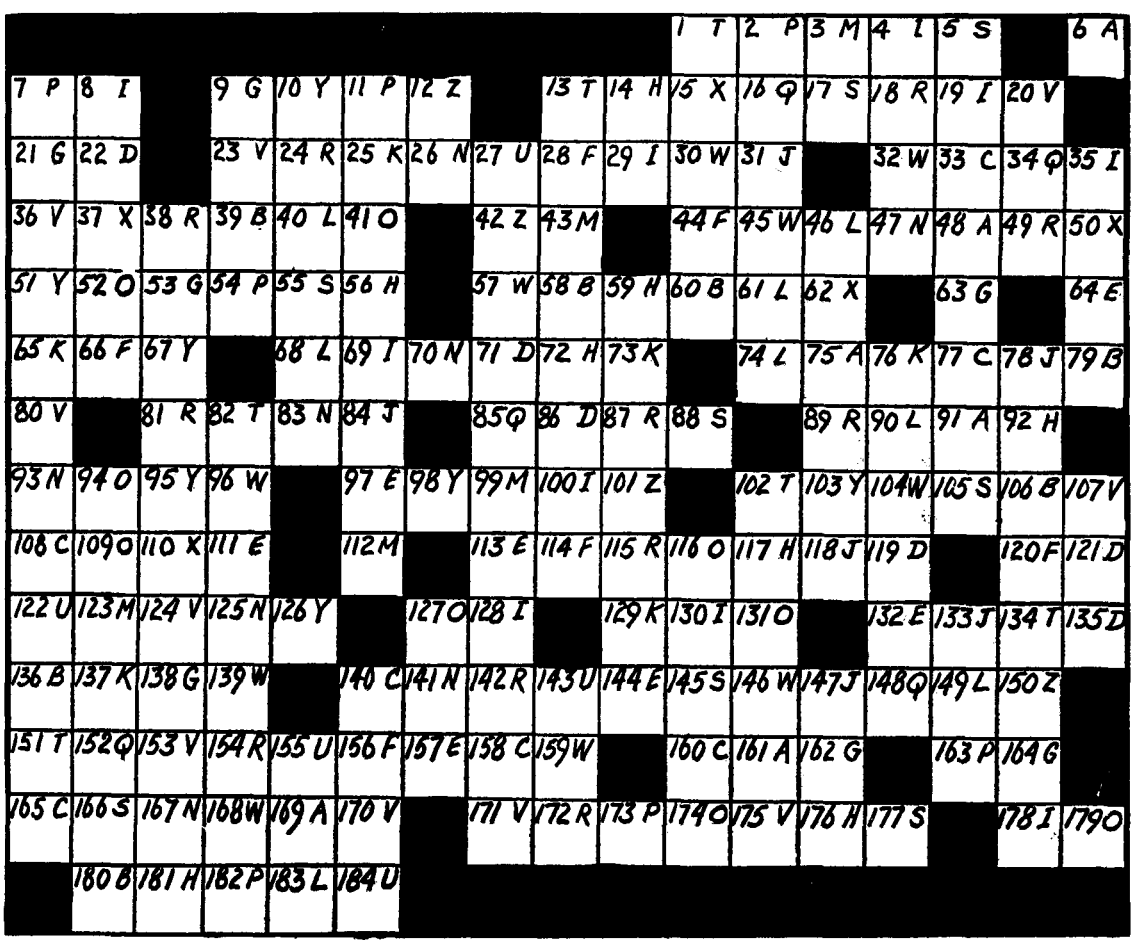
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The patella, or kneepan (Anat.)	48 75 6 161 169 91
B. Onomatopoeia.	79 180 58 106 136 39 60
C. Giving off vapor, often violently; said of a liquid boiling unsteadily.	160 108 33 158 165 77 140
D. An astonishing or important remark, bit of news, etc. (Slang).	119 71 135 22 86 121
E. English poet (1613?-49; "Steps to the Temple").	113 144 157 111 64 132 97
F. Onionlike plant—leaves used for flavoring.	156 114 44 66 120 28
G. A fabulous people of India with no mouths who fed on flower and fruit scents (Gr. Myth.)	138 164 162 21 9 53 63
H. Founder of London's first department store; the "Universal Provider".	176 181 14 92 59 56 117 72
I. Of or pertaining to the outside of the nose.	8 100 178 128 35 130 29 4 19 69
J. Jazz dances, with feet brought down noisily and forcibly.	31 78 147 133 84 118
K. The standard dialect of Italian.	129 76 73 137 65 25
L. Set with prickles, like a hedgehog.	40 74 90 149 183 68 46 61
M. River in New South Wales, Australia, 600 miles long.	43 112 123 3 99

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. The region in which Kenneth Roberts lives (2 wds.)	93 83 70 125 47 141 167 26
O. Badly put together; crude; unrefined.	52 174 109 179 116 41 94 127 131
P. An Indian of a Kwakiutl tribe.	54 163 2 173 182 11 7
Q. Large umbrellas (a Dickens allusion).	16 152 148 34 85
R. Tones, as grace notes, foreign to a chord (Music).	38 49 81 115 154 87 172 89 24 18 142
S Of no force; inoperative.	177 17 5 55 166 145 105 88
T. Hebrew prophet, disciple and successor of Elijah (Bib.)	134 151 102 13 82 1
U. Without landmarks for guidance; lost (2 wds.)	27 143 155 122 184
V. Completed the fullness of, as by experience, etc., necessary to the purpose (2 wds.)	20 36 171 153 107 124 80 175 23 170
W. The U. S. Constitutional Amendment in force Aug. 26, 1920.	146 32 45 30 104 159 168 139 57 96
X. American sculptor (1878- ; statue of Lee, Richmond, Va.; Bryan, Washington, D.C.; and many busts).	110 37 50 15 62
Y. Good-for-nothing.	95 98 10 51 126 67 103
Z. Christian fellowship for social service, est. in World War I in England.	12 42 150 101

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 34 of this issue.

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